

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
MARCHIONESS
DE
POMPADOUR.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
MARCHIONESS
DE
POMPADOUR,

Mistress to the King, and
First Lady of France.



PART THE THIRD.

LONDON:

Printed for S. Hooper, at Cates's Head,
the Corner of the New Church, in the Strand.
MDCCLX.

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ADVERTISEMENT

MARCH 1853

PUBLISHED

FOR THE PROPRIETOR



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THE two first parts of the history of Madame de PomPADOUR having greatly excited, and partly gratified, the just curiosity of the public in every thing relative to so extraordinary a personage, it was but natural for the Publisher of the first parts to wish for a supplement, which might make

them more perfect. But this wish was easier to form than to procure its accomplishment. The writer of the first parts having exhausted his materials, respected the public too much to palm invention upon it for historical truth. He is then entirely out of the question in the supplemental part here offered. But as some account may be justly expected of its authenticity, the Editor begs leave to assure the public, that the same is no other than a translation from the original manuscript of a Gentleman, who had, during his residence at the Court of

France, collected such further anecdotes and passages of Madame POMPADOUR's life, as he thought might most entertain and inform the public. And though this supplement seems in some measure a continuation of the first parts, it is, in fact, entirely independent of them; and though it may even contradict them in some particular points, that contradiction is, however, no impeachment of the veracity of either writer; since wherever that happens to be the case, it will appear to be only in regard to such particulars as frequently are not by their nature,

capable of any absolute ascertainment. Such, for example, is the charge of gallantry, on which head, where no proof is produced, the reader is at liberty to believe or not, as his own reason or the greatest probability may determine him.

The writer of this third part, by affecting the character of a continuer only of the two first, seems however implicitly to adopt them. The truth is, that they were received nowhere so eagerly as in France, where, I am credibly informed, a single copy has been sold for ten Leoidores; and that one of the

French Ministers at the Court of a German Prince was weak enough to shew an air of resentment at seeing one of them in the Prince's hands ; an air that was rather an attestation of the truth of the work, than a mark of contempt ; for contempt belongs only to fiction ; and nothing cuts like truth. The reason he gave for his dissatisfaction was, that such an history reflected on his Master's honor ; as if his Master's honor was not infinitely more attainted by his connection with a woman who had none. To give the French their due, how-

ever, it must be confessed that the bulk of them are far from giving way to so weak an imagination, or from looking on the justice done to the little D'ESTIOLE's eloped wife as any insult on the Majesty of their Monarch.

As to this supplement (of which I have procured a translation from a Gentleman not concerned in the former parts) the French original of it may be seen by any English person of character at the Publisher's; with affirmation (upon oath if it was necessary) of its being the true identical manuscript of the

Author, who resided for many years at Paris, and was well acquainted with the scene of action.

The Public will then collaterally find several curious and interesting anecdotes ; and the Publisher humbly hopes, that if the materials should not even answer expectation, they will do him the justice to allow, that his giving them the best he could procure, was greatly preferable to his attempting any imposition of falsities, knowing or believing them to be such.

T H E

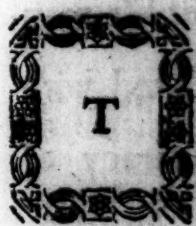
Arthur, who resided for many years
at Long and was well acquainted
with the facts of the case.

WITNESSES
The Public will then collectively
and morally condemn and punishing

by hopes that if the materials
of the case are made known
they will do more for the cause of
the oppressed than any other

method of proceeding. It is
the duty of every man and woman
to do what they can for the
benefit of the oppressed. It is
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THE
HISTORY
OF
Madame de POMPADOUR.
PART the THIRD.



THE public, which has with
so much eagerness run thro'
fifteen volumes of the ME-
MOIRS of MADAME de
MAINTENON, cannot but see with an
equal share of eagerness a sequel to the
PART III. **B**

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life of Madame de POMPADOUR.—
For altho' that Lady is not yet, like
the widow of SCARRON, become the
wife of a King, yet she has certainly
fixed herself in a more unlimited em-
pire over the mind of her lover, than
ever the other was able to gain over
that of Louis XIV.—Nor has any
mistress, since DIANA of Poitiers,
been known to reign for so long a
period, or with so irresistible a sway.

Though the adventures of her life may
not indeed require to be related with
all the gravity or labored accuracy of
history, they ought not, on the con-
trary, to be considered as a mere se-
ries of trivial impertinences.—A wo-

Madame de POMPADOUR. 3

man who can at will make and unmake Generals; can pull down Ministers, and set up others in their place; can raise a little Abbot to a cardinalship, a scoundrel to a blue ribbon, or sink a Grand Monarque into the lowest of characters (a): such a woman deserves at least to be spoken of in no common stile; and that in giving her portrait, the pencil should be

(a) It was said one day before the Dutchesse of ORLEANS that the king of PRUSSIA would certainly be taken and brought prisoner to PARIS.—I shall be extremely glad of that, replied she, since I shall then have the pleasure once in my life at least of seeing a KING.

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sometimes dipped in strong, sometimes in gay colors.

Before I proceed, it will be necessary to take notice that I do not offer this work to the public as a compleat history, wherein each fact must follow the preceding one in exact chronological order.—So far from it, that this volume, and any other which I may propose to publish, as the Marchioness shall furnish me with materials, can only be looked on as a common-place of facts, which may serve in future to refer to, in the composing a more regular recital of her brilliant history.—Every day new incidents start up, new anecdotes are brought to light ; so that I may in

Madame de POMPADOUR. 5

future have occasion to relate many circumstances which ought to have taken their place among the preceding ones.—I shall, notwithstanding, endeavour to arrange them in such order, as to form no very disagreeable connexion; and shall therefore resume the narrative as nearly as possible where the author of the former volumes has laid down his pen.

The second part of that work concluded with two very different portraits of Madame de POMPADOUR (b).

(b) VOLTAIRE has also presented us with one in a poem called LA PUCELLE, which our readers

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One of them, in the stile of the famous painter BOUCHER, drawn in her

may not perhaps be displeased to see in this place — After having told us that this fair one had been bred up by her mother for the BORDEL, or at best for the OPERA, but that love, with a more propitious hand, having raised her from the noble bed of a Farmer-general, to that of a Monarch, he adds :

Sà vive allure est un vrai port de reine,

Sés yeux frippons s'arment de Majesté :

Sa voix a pris le ton de Souveraine,

Et sur son rang son esprit s'est monté.

'The lively amble of her gait

Is alter'd to a port of state,

The wanton archness of her eye

Arm'd with the frown of Majesty ;

Her voice once pitch'd to repartee,

Has now assum'd the Sov'reign's key :

early days, and representing her surrounded with the smiles and graces; the other in that of PETER VANLOO, who has painted her within this twelve-month, and who has shewn no inclination to flatter her.—The picture of her illustrious brother however, not seeming to be sufficiently finished, I cannot avoid, for the satisfaction of the public, giving some few retouches to the piece.

With such a haughty air as shows,

Her spirit on her fortune rose.

There cannot surely be a stronger picture drawn of the great readiness of the Marchioness's mind to assume a manner conformable to her new dignity.

CHARLES POISSON, Marquis de MARRIGNY, is a constant frequenter of all places of public diversions.—Would you, therefore, be sure to know him at first sight, examine well the play-houses, the stage, or the front-boxes, and fix on him who shall appear distinguished by the most vulgar face, the most brutal air, and the most insolent address, that is HE.—Nor is it possible without indignation to behold this man, who would have cut a properer figure in his father's stall, mingling with Ambassadors, and the Grandees of France, and scarcely deigning to pay the least attention to those, who happening not to know him, honor him with some civilities.—Puffed up with stupid pride,

Madame de POMPADOUR. 9

which base and servile flatterers support, he has persuaded himself into a vain belief of a superior birth and genius.—There have not even been wanting authors, mean-spirited enough to offer up the incense of their adulation to this ridiculous animal, and with the greatest servility lavish on him the title of MECENAS.—FRERON, that partial and conceited critic, in twenty places in his wretched periodical publications, expatiates largely in commendation of the King's choice, congratulating the liberal arts on having acquired a superintendant so generous and so enlightened as POISSON: attributes to this mere groveling mole the most eagle-sighted discernment and under-

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standing in painting, sculpture, and architecture; and endeavours to persuade the world, that thro' his diligence and care it shall again see rise, as from their graves, the famed APELLES, PHIDIAS, and VITRUVIUS.

Does not the bestowing such insipid commendations degrade the authors of them, and make them more contemptible than even the very object of their praise?—Yet have MARMONTEL, BOISSY, and many others render'd themselves thus ridiculous; tho' it is known to every one in Paris that the Marquis de MARIGNY is only like an idol, which has indeed the form of eyes and ears, but has neither the

sense of sight nor hearing. Let it not be imagined it was he who set the scheme on foot for the repairing of the Louvre, or finishing its front; for he is no more sensible of the real beauties of a masterpiece, than the meanest laborer in the building; and if he sometimes goes into the academies, or visits the artists, it is for the ravishing delight of hearing himself called MY LORD amongst them:—The artists of real merit are far from valuing themselves on his applause, and neglect themselves for want of due encouragement.—For two or three to whom he has procured pensions, there are numbers for whom nothing is done.

Nor are the Marquis de MARIGNY's social virtues more extensive than his taste for genius.—As he possesses neither wit nor conduct, he takes no delight but in the company of the most dirty and obscure bawdy-house acquaintance. He is not one of those agreeable libertines who in their elegant suppers know how to assemble round them the sprightly courts of VENUS, BACCHUS, and COMUS.—His ill-breeding is incessantly breaking forth amidst his very parties of delight, on which account there are very few of those charming nymphs who constitute the very joy of refined collations, that even desire to be of his company.—Their passion not being to money only,

but they must have mirth besides, in which they can never be gratified by the drunken MARIGNY, exhausted with excesses, stupid and ill-natur'd.

Some days after the promotion of his sister to the place of a lady of honor, happening to be in a party with the celebrated Mademoiselle DESCHAMPS, a dancer at the Opera, the conversation turned upon this post, which entitled her to the liberty of sitting before the Queen, when the sprightly DESCHAMPS, enlivened by champaign, and not foreseeing the dismal consequence, composed the following extempore, which she sung to him to one of the Opera tunes:

Ma foi, Marquis de VANDIERE, (c)

Avouons le franchement,

Son Devant

A bien servi son Derriere.

The spirited turn of this epigrammatical stanza, would be extremely difficult to support in a translation, for which reason I shall not attempt one; and only give the meaning, which was, That his sister's back-side had great obligations to her fore-one. But however excusable it might be, considering all circumstances, yet it threw VANDIERE into a violent passion;—he cursed and swore, threw glasses and plates at poor

(c) He was at first Marquis de VANDIERE,

DESCHAMPS' head; call'd her a thousand times by all those opprobrious names which, to do her justice, she had some kind of title to, turned her, in a most ignominious manner out of doors, and caused her to be confined for some months in the Chateau de Bicêtre a place which answers nearest to the Bridewells of London.

The Marchioness, as has already been observed, is not less apt to take offence than her brother, nor, when offended, less impatient to avenge the affront.— It is now a long time that she has kept up her ill-will to PYRON, for no more than a quibbling repartee, which in reality, had nothing offensive, nor in-

deed very new in it.—She was walking in the gardens of the Thuilleries in company with Marshal SAXE, whilst the French nation at that time triumphant from the successes of that military Hero, beheld with delight two persons together, one of whom formed the glory, and the other constituted the amusement of their Sovereign.—

PYRON, going through the garden at the time perceived this couple, and only call'd aloud to one of his friends, *Tiens, voila l'épée du roi, et son fourreau?* That is to say, *Hold, do you see there the King's sword and scabbard?* yet has this little sally of archness perhaps more contributed to keep PYRON out of the academy, or from obtaining a pension,

than even his famous ode to PRIAPUS.

The Count de TRESSAN, who has made himself known by some works, backed by two others of the most witty men of quality at Court, attempted to cast a cloud over the then dawning glories of the Marchioness, by composing an infinite number of little sonnets, couplets, epigrams, &c. in which a great fund of sheer wit, true attic salt of raillery was profusely lavished, and which were publickly sung with a very small share of circumspection.—But it was not long before the example set in the disgracing and punishing with banishment, not only the authors, but singers of them, gave

warning to others to be less unguarded.

But if LA POMPADOUR has ever shewn herself a most implacable enemy to all those who have endeavoured either to hurt her interest, or ridicule her character; she has always on the other side, with equal warmth taken in hand the promotion of those who have espoused her cause, or attached themselves to her.

At the time of the assassination of the King at Versailles, she was at Trianon, preparing for his reception to keep Twelfth-day with her there, and many of the Courtiers were at that time

with her.—As ill news ever flies on eagle's wings, the account of Damien's attempt quickly reached Trianon, and not without exaggeration.—The Marchioness fell into a fit, and, so short is the space of time required, for Courtiers to throw off the mask when it appears no longer necessary to them, that before she could come to herself, they had all left her, excepting the prince de SOUBIZE, who alone had the courage to stay by her amidst this general desertion, and to assure her of his attachment and devotion to her person.—She was inclinable immediately to quit France, and seek elsewhere a refuge from the persecutions which she thought threaten'd her:—Monsieur de

SOUBIZE perswaded her to stay, consoled her griefs, encouraged her with hopes, and took such proper measures, in concert both with her and Madame de BASCHI her sister, as must have obviated every event which could have happened to her prejudice.—The essential services he did her in a conjuncture so extremely critical, consequently made a deep impression on her mind, inspired her with the warmest sentiments of gratitude towards him, and prompted her to look out for every opportunity of giving him a proof of its sincerity.

The Prince de SOUBIZE possesses almost every qualification essential to a

Courtier ;—he is brave, witty, gallant, officious, and is what is called a fair gamester ; and, perhaps, could he have contented himself with the exertion of those qualities alone, he might have saved his country the ill effects of a most deplorable game.—But the desire of commanding an army was his prevailing passion ; whilst, blinded by vanity, he was firmly persuaded he possessed every talent needful to form a perfect General. Full of this conviction, he soon communicated his pretensions to Madame de POMPADOUR, who eagerly laid hold on the occasion to oblige him, and made a point of it with the King to grant him what he wished so ardently.

His Majesty, who knew Monsieur de SOUBIZE to be possessed of the great requisite for a soldier, mere animal courage; but was at the same time thoroughly assur'd that he had no experience in the art of war, nor talents that could qualify him for a Commander in chief; yielded not to her request till after the most pressing and repeated solicitations.—The battle of Rosbach punished the weakness, and withal stained the glory of the Monarch, with the blood of a number of Frenchmen, which would have been much greater, if they had not committed their safety to their heels. The whole nation enraged at this loss, loaded the General with numberless execrations, and the incensed populace,

in order to testify at once their resentment and contempt towards him, hung up a dead jack-ass at his gate, with a scroll in his mouth, wherein were written these words addressed to the porter, **OPEN THE DOOR, I am YOUR MASTER.**

On his return however from this glorious campaign, the great, the victorious Hero of Rosbach was received by his master with the same kindness as a SAXE or a TURENNE could have been, when they came home with their brows circled with the most flourishing wreaths of laurel.—The fault was thrown upon the troops who had not done their duty, and his Highness de SOUBIZE was

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admitted to the council-chamber.—
There indeed he was made to understand how improper it was that he should hazard his reputation any more by engaging the King of Prussia; but that his more distinguished merit was reserved to be employed in the conquest of England; an undertaking which would do him much greater honor, than a contest with a petty Marquis of Brandenburg.

Whilst Monsieur de SOUBIZE, however, was rendering himself so unfortunately conspicuous in action abroad, Madame de POMPADOUR prov'd more successful at home in the measures she took to establish more firmly her em-

pire, and triumphed with most resplendent lustre over every rival, who presumed to dispute the King's heart with her.

Madam de C—SL—N, one of the finest women then at Court, had taken it into her head to supplant her, and imagined she should find it so much the easier to succeed, as the King had on many occasions shewn such a particular regard for her, as seemed to assure her of his being far from indifferent to her charms.—Every time, in short, that he met with her, he entered into long conversations with her, accompanied with a thousand little acts of gallantry, which did not in

the least displease her;—these led to some kind of propositions, but as they were couched only in vauge and general terms, she still kept him at bay, and granted nothing.

The King, who had not been accustomed to meet with any difficulty in his amours, was not a little surprized to find his wishes checked by a resistance, which seemed to him so extraordinary.—With a firm resolution, then, to surmount it, he sat down seriously to consider of his designed conquest, and on the proper methods to be taken to render a failure of success entirely impossible.

M^{adame} de POMPADOUR, 27

He immediately therefore found out Madame de C—SL—N, renewed his attacks on her with the utmost vigour, and was not long before he brought her to a capitulation on the promise of making her mistress of her own conditions.—The reader will no doubt conceive a desire of knowing what sort of terms she thought proper to insist on, which we shall gratify, by informing him that the engagement between them was very soon concluded on the following conditions:—the first, and most essential one was, the instant banishment of Madame de Pompadour from Court.—The second was, a demand

of great honors for herself and family.—And the third insisted on large pensions, and the exile of some certain persons about Court.—Notwithstanding these, and several other extravagant pretentions, the King consented to every thing she ask'd;—but, as she made it her first point, before she would yield up her person to his Majesty, that her rival should be immediately discarded, the King, in order to surmount this difficulty, which considerably embarrassed him, had recourse to Madame de POMPADOUR; acquainted her with every particular of the treaty, and asked her advice in the affair.

Had nothing more been requisite to captivate the King, than the youthful bloom of twenty, a neck shaped by the hand of elegance itself, an arm of alabaster, and a complexion which would disgrace the whiteness of the lilly; in short, a form in which it would puzzle even a rival to find a fault; Madame de C—SL—N might, certainly, without the reproach of vanity, have hoped for that advantage.— But as this Lady's exterior charms were not supported by those qualities, which fix an attachment after enjoyment, the Marchioness was not at all alarmed at the King's transitory liking for her; but on the

contrary, with great readiness pointed out to him the means of bringing his wishes to an accomplishment as expeditiously as possible.

The method she proposed, and which was immediately carried into execution, was by consenting that his Majesty should openly, and in the presence of some of his Courtiers, who would not fail to propagate the report of it, treat her with a remarkable degree of coolness; and that she, for her own part, should, at the time that the King was on the point of bringing his affair with Madame C—SL—N to a crisis, retire for two or three days in to the country.

Madame de POMPADOUR. 831

The rumor of the King's new inclination now became general, and Madame de POMPADOUR's disgrace was universally whispered, and as universally believed; whilst a visit which she just at that conjuncture thought proper to pay to the convent of Capuchin-nuns, fully confirmed all the suspicions that had been conceived of her fall.—Nay, people went so far as to repeat the edifying conferences she was supposed to have had with the Superior, and even to describe the cell which she had given orders for the building in that convent.—The devotees of religion already look'd on her as a cho-

sen vessel, and blessed the mercy of the Almighty, in giving the world an example of a second LA VALLIERE.

But whilst this same world was thus making, in imagination, a convert of the Marchioness, the poor deluded Madam de C—L—N clasped in the arms of Majesty, and not so much as dreaming on the good things of another world, was preparing herself a fine piece of ridicule in this.

From the time that she quitted the royal bed in the morning, full of warm ideas and a high presumption, that she was now going to become the new-court star, the King did not see her for the

whole day.—In the evening when he met her, he entered very coolly into conversation with her, upon subjects perfectly indifferent ; when behold ! in the midst of this scene, enters Madam POMPADOUR. •

Tho' Madame de C—SL—N could not by this time have the least doubt of her having been the bubble of this affair, she took care not to break out into any rage at the King's perfidy ; and in short, topped the Courtier's part. She would indeed have made the world believe, that no intimacy of a certain nature had passed between his Majesty and her ; but finding no one quite so cre-

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dulous as to swallow that, she did not suffer it to give her a moment's uneasiness; but comforted herself with the reflection, that she was now neither less handsome, nor less agreeable, than she had been before the adventure.

Yet was the Marchiness's ambition scarcely more gratified by this extraordinary triumph, than by a letter which she received much about the same time from Don E—m—l of P—g—l.

Those who know how ambitious she she is of having, and being known to have epistolary correspondences with

Princes and Crowned heads (c) may easily conceive how high a satisfaction this letter must have given her.—A letter in which that Prince condescended to ask her advice, and intreat her to do him a good office; employing for the purpose the most polite and complimentary expressions with respect to her.

If however the letter itself administered to her vanity a food so much to

(c) She had frequently wrote to the Queen of Hungary, in which letters, it is said, she gave her the familiar appellation of *my dear Queen*, and that the Empress in reply, addressed her, by the title of *my little Queen*.

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its palate, she was at the same time filled with a real concern for not being able to return such an answer to it, as would correspond with the Prince's inclination:—in short, what he requested was absolutely out of the King's power to bring about, and, therefore only, out of hers.

Few there are, who are ignorant that Don E—M—L, having quarrelled with the late King his brother, who, contrary to his inclination, wanted to make him Patriarch of the metropolis of that kingdom, quitted it at seventeen years of age, nor return'd thither till twenty years afterwards.

During this long absence he had made a tour through all the nations of Europe, and had been particularly pleased with that of France, where he resided for several years:—He was at that time young, well made, and of a most pleasing address, in virtue of which he had been embarked in gallantries with many agreeable women of all ranks; the remembrance of which pleasures made him give that country the preference to all the others he had seen. He was now grown heartily weary of his own less gay one, and had been heard repeatedly to declare that he had much rather live at Paris in the character of private Gentleman, on an income of twenty or thirty thou-

sand livres (about a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds) a year, than continue in the post which he then held, and in which he was served on the knee.

These sentiments still continued to reign in his bosom, and influence his conduct; and his above-mention'd letter to Madame de POMPADOUR was to engage her interest to solicit the King, that, in case he should come to settle in his dominions, he would publicly acknowledge him as a Prince of P——t——l, without the consent of the King his nephew, which he could not procure.

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Madame de POMPADOUR was three months before she answered the Prince's letter, being in daily expectation that she should find some means to bring about what he desired.—But all in vain—she assembled her special privy-council several times on the occasion, and also ask'd the advice of Monsieur de BASCHI, who had been Ambassador in Portugal,—but the affair was judged to be absolutely impracticable : on which the Marchioness, in her character of *little queen*, dispatched her reply to the prince by a courier, whose livery, agreeable to the dignity of his mistress, was richly laced with gold down all the seams.

But let this go among the more trivial anecdotes, and let me now prepare to consider those objects of a more interesting concern which solicit my notice. You are now, gentle reader, on the point of marking our Heroine more confirmed in power than ever, triumphing over every obstacle which stands in her way, and turning round the wheel of Fortune at her pleasure with the utmost rapidity.—Behold her raising various persons to the most considerable employments with an amazing suddenness, and with an equal quickness deposing them again.—Vain, feeble satisfaction!—Can it be imagin'd that this capricious power can make her full amends for her perpetual disquiets, for

the nation's universal hatred, or for the injuries of Time?—No surely:—she, no doubt, was greatly happier, when, in her spring of youth, the Abbé BERNIS celebrated her wit and beauty, and sung that face, which, like the mistress of HORACE, could not be looked on without danger.—The happiness, if there is any, which ambition can procure, by no means atones for the pangs which for ever attend her.

But leaving these reflexions, proceed we to Monsieur the Count de CLERMONT, who, by the bye, is not very fond of any being made upon him; nor indeed is that without reason.

This Prince, who is Abbot de Saint Germain des Prez, with a trifling income of scarce above three hundred thousand livres a year (*d*), still found his annual expences, as that of most of the Gentlemen of his cloth do, amount to the double of his receipts.—Tired therefore with living thus pinched in his circumstances, and finding that Monsieur de RICHELIEU, who, according to common report, had feathered his nest pretty plentifully in the expedition against Hanover (*e*) was on

(*d*) Rather less than fifteen thousand pounds sterling.

(*e*) When Monsieur de RICHELIEU returned from the army he appeared at Court in a most

the point of being recalled, he could not help imagining that there must still be considerable gleanings after him, and with that noble view became desirous of procuring the command of the French troops in Germany.

His skill and understanding in the military art had not, indeed, been fig-

magnificent suit of cloaths; of which the King taking notice, highly commended the richness of the gold embroidery —“ Sir,” replied one of the Courtiers, “ this is only German gold,”—He had also built a superb pavilion near his hôtel, which the Parisians usually called Pavillon d’ Hanovre, instead of the Name of Pavillon de Mahon, which Monsieur de RICHELIEU himself had given it.

nalized by any thing but the besieging and taking of a few pigeon-houses in the last war.—Yet were these proofs, added to the servile methods he made use of to procure the Marchioness's interest, sufficient to establish an opinion of his great capacity.

Another thing in his favor was the great satisfaction which Madame de POMPADOUR felt from seeing the glory which Monsieur de RICHLIEU had acquired by the taking PORT MAHON entirely sullied by his ill successes in Germany.—That Lady had still upon her stomach some very recent strokes which the Duke's behaviour to her had made

her swallow, but which she had not yet digested, nor revenged.

Some time before his departure, the Marchioness had determined on a party at her Hôtel at Paris, but chose to keep it secret, from a design to exclude Monsieur de RICHELIEU from it, who was very frequently a disturber of her pleasures.—The Duke, however, having learned whither the King was gone, instantly set out, and arrived in the evening at Madame de POMPADOUR's Hôtel.—“Upon my word, Monsieur le Marechal,” said the Marchioness, somewhat surprized, “I did not expect you (*f*):”—“I believe it, Ma-

(*f*) The King having dispatched one of the Officers of the army on some affairs, of which

“dam,” replied the Duke; “but as
“one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-
“chamber to his Majesty, I have a
“right to be wherever he is.”—“But,
“my Lord,” said the Marchioness,
“I have not a bed for you.”—“Ah,
“Madame,” replied the Mareschal,
“as for that, *il ne me faut qu’une*
“*paillasse* (g).—An answer which, al-

which he acquitted himself with great expedition, his Majesty, surprized to see him so soon returned, said to him, “Why, Sir, you must
“have flown!”—“Sir,” replied the Officer,
“I have only followed the example of your
“Generals in Germany.”

(g) The humor of this reply consists entirely in a pun; the words themselves implying only,
“Ah! Madame, I want only a pallet:” but as

tho' it conveyed a double meaning, that the Marchioness well understood, and felt the whole force of it, she had too much wit not to dissemble the offence it must give her, or to complain in form of it to the King.

When Monsieur de RICHELIEU was nominated for the command of the army in Germany, he waited on Madame de POMPADOUR, and returned her thanks in form for the good offices which she had been so kind to do him on that occa-

the word Paillasse is a synonymous term, which means equally a bed of straw, or a common guard-room trull, it is easy to conceive that she could not be very well pleased at the coarse double entendre.

sion;—"As to me, Sir," replied she,
"I protest to you, I have had no
"share at all in it, your own merit
"alone has done it entirely; be assur'd
"that I have a due sense of the polite-
"ness with which you now honor me,
"and wish that your operations may
"only have all the success that I de-
"fire them to have:"—Oh! Ma-
"dame," answer'd the Duke, who
understood the true sense of her am-
biguous expression." "I believe eve-
"ry word you now say". Upon
which, he made her a very low bow,
and took his leave.

The event, however, turned out ful-
ly to the wishes of Madame de Pom-

PADOUR, and furnished her with the glorious opportunity of procuring Monsieur de CLERMONT to be appointed General in his room.

The Duke de BELLISLE, who very well knew the extent of Monsieur de CLERMONT's abilities, like a good patriot, very strongly opposed their being put into employment.—But unfortunately as he had nothing but reason on his side, his representations were in course of little avail, and the point was carried against him, so that the consequence was the embroiling him for some time with Madame de POMPADOUR, and rendering him obnoxious to the Count de CLERMONT, who

vowed revenge upon him from that hour.

Before that Prince departed to take the command upon him, his brother, the Count de CHAROLOIS, zealous and sincerely anxious for the honor of FRANCE, which he saw trusted to hands so incapable of maintaining it, strove, by every means in his power to dissuade his brother from the undertaking ;—but when he found it impossible to bring that about, he every where, whenever he spoke of the Count de CLERMONT, said openly ;—*I wonder how long this blockhead has taken it into his head to fancy he could make a General ?—where the devil are the proofs he has hitherto gi-*

ven?—I can pass over his keeping a drab, his getting bastards by her, and even his taking it into his head to legitimate them (b); but as to his thinking to beat Prince FERDINAND, that is what I cannot forgive!

(i) Yet all this could not hinder the

(b) His mistress is one La le Duc, daughter of a Swiss of Luxembourg;—the couriers frequently stop at her house, in their way to Versailles.—She had a daughter by the Count de CLERMONT, and whenever any one is desirous of seeing the child, if the mother thinks proper to grant that favor, she calls to one of her women, and says, “Let the Princess come down.”

(i) The Count de CHAROLOIS, holds Madame de POMPADOUR in the highest degree of contempt.—When he paid her a visit on her be-

Abbot de Saint Germain from setting out post, and bringing back the army with the same expedition from Hanover;— altho' it is well known, that all this haste did not prevent its being overtaken by Prince FERDINAND, who beat his best troops in the battle of Crevelt.

It is certain, that during this bloody action, the Abbot was very contentedly taking his bottle; and that it was with great indifference he received the account of Monsieur Saint GERMAIN's being en-

ing made Lady of Honor, seeing only one elbow chair in the room, he directly threw himself into it, saying, as she stood to entertain him, "that he saw no body there with so good a title
"to sit in it as himself."

gaged with the enemy.—Nor was it so much, as has been imagined, his jealousy that Monsieur de Saint GERMAIN should carry off the whole honor of the day, as the desire he had of being revenged on Monsieur de BELLISLE, which prevented his sending him succours; for when word was brought him that the carabiniers were engaged with the greatest part of the grenadiers of the enemy, and that without very speedy assistance, they would inevitably be cut to pieces; he said to those who were at table with him, and who have themselves since repeated his words, (k)

(k) There was a rumor prevailed at first, that Prince XAVIER of Saxony had been dan-

“ Now we shall see, how this rascally
 “ son of a Prime Minister,” meaning
 Monsieur de GISORS (1) “ will bring
 “ himself out of this scrape.” Being ob-
 liged to fly, he said that evening at
 gerously wounded in the affair of Crevelt. Two or
 three days however after the action, the Dauphin
 received a letter from him, in which he sends
 him word thus : “ I ran no other risk at Crevelt,
 “ than that of getting damnable drunk ; for
 “ whilst they were fighting, I was pouring
 “ down Champaign with Monsieur de CLER-
 “ MONT.”

(1) Monsieur de BELLISLE had just placed
 him in the carabiniers, imagining he would be
 the least exposed in that corps, which is more
 rarely employed in action than almost any other.

supper, “Well, after all, this cannot
“be called the loss of a battle ;” spoke
not a word more about it, and went to
bed as quietly as if nothing extraordi-
nary had happened.

The people however at Paris, were
not quite so insensible as he, to the loss
of such a number of brave fellows, sacri-
ficed though his fault ; and although
they had not an opportunity of seeing
him soon enough to testify the indig-
nation they had conceived against him ;
yet they could not help shewing signs
of it to the Count de CHAROLOIS his
brother, who being one evening at the
Italian theatre, heard a general mur-
mur run through the pit, with a fre-

quent repetition of the word *Crevelt*, on which he only shrugged up his shoulders, and cry'd, "*Ce n'est pas ma*
"*faute,*" "*It is no fault of mine.*"

Although a fear of the Marchioness's resentment prevented too open an outcry at Court against Monsieur de CLERMONT, yet numbers of lampoons and ballads were published against him, and when he was recalled, having brought back the troops almost to the frontiers of the Kingdom, Madame Louisa, one of the Mesdames of France, said one day with great pleasantry to the King;
" Pray, my dear Papa, did you give
" orders to the Count de CLERMONT to
" come back all alone?" " — Why do

“you ask that question?” replied the King. — “Because,” added she, “he might very well have brought back the whole army with him.” — Nor did the King of Prussia, any more than others, spare the Abbot; for it is with great confidence affirmed, that he said in regard to him, “Surely the King of France must be at a great loss for Generals, when he is obliged to have recourse to an Abbot of Benedictines.”

Another Ecclesiastic, who will make a still more eminent figure in this history, is the Abbot de BERNIS, of whom I have already made mention; and as the greatest part of the anecdotes which relate to him have a considera-

ble connection with the affairs of Madame de POMPADOUR, it can scarce be a digression from my subject, my entering into a pretty long and particular detail of them.

Madame de POMPADOUR, being well acquainted that the Abbot de BERNIS, whom she designed to place at the head of public affairs, had studied OVID much more carefully than either GROTIUS or PUFFENDORF, caused him to be appointed Ambassador to the Republic of Venice, in order that he might there make himself master of all the secrets of the most refined policy (*m*).—

(*m*) The Abbot de BERNIS, naturally of a very amorous constitution, gave himself up en-

When she thought him ripe for her purposes, she had him recalled, and by a most rapid progress procured him successively to be made a Minister of State, with the decoration of a ribbon, and to be created a Cardinal.

Our new Minister, full of a most exalted opinion of his own merit, at first scarcely condescended to a co-operation in affairs with Monsieur de BELLEISLE,

tirely to the Venetian Ladies, instead of the concerns of politics.—And indeed met with certain adventures at Venice, which never happen to a man who applies himself solely to the studying the interests of Princes.

in order to qualify himself for the post he now held in the Ministry. However, in spite of all his presumption, the old Duke very soon convinced him how much easier it was to compose a sonnet to CÆLIA, than to guide with proper skill the grand machinery of political negotiations.—In short, the world was so generally persuaded of his ignorance, and want of abilities for the affairs of the Cabinet, that they used ironically, and by way of derision, to call him the Cardinal RICHELIEU.

When he was invested with the order of the Holy-ghost in the chapel of Versailles, there was, during the ceremony, a scroll of paper thrown out of the gal-

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lery among the Knights, on which were some lines of poetry written with a pencil: — the paper that contained them was a leaf torn out of a book, which seemed pretty plainly to prove, that they had been composed whilst the ceremony was performing. — The lines are a kind of parody on the “Veni Creator,” and very tolerable considering them as extemporary. Persons about a Court are seldom overburthened with piety, and are sometimes apt to make too free an use even of the most respectable things in religion. — However that may be, you have the lines such as they came to my hands.

Esprit saint, Divine Essence,

Daignez guider ce Ministre nouveau ;

Et pour l'honneur de la France

Illuminez son Cerveau.

De douze ignorans, jadis

Vous fites autant d'Oracles ;

Renouvellez ces miracles]

Sur le pauvre Abbé BERNIS.

Embrasez le de vos flammes

Inspirez lui votre amour ;

Qu'il baïse un peu moins les Dames,

Et sur tout la POMPADOUR.

TRANSLATED.

Thou, Holy Spirit, power divine ;

Do thou for France's glory deign

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On this new minister to shine,
And lighten up his clouded brain;
Of twelve unlearn'd thou heretofore
Didst raise up oracles to thee ;
Renew these miracles once more,
By giving sense to poor BERNIS

His bosom with thy flames possess
On him the love of Heaven pour ;
That he may kiss the Ladies less,
And least of all LA POMPADOUR.

One of the Knights having picked up this billet, and read it, pass'd it round from hand to hand, by which means the gravity of the ceremony was somewhat disconcerted.—No enquiry was

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ever made about the Author; but it was generally attributed to the Dutches of Orleans.

The Abbot de BERNIS thus invested with the rank of a Minister, and decked out with a blue ribbon, could not, doubtless, but appear still more agreeable in the eyes of his protectress:—nor can there need a more convincing proof of the truth of this supposition, than her often passing the best part of the day, and, indeed, frequently the best part of the nights too, in masquerades (which could not be given without some design) in company with him.—But of these we shall say more hereafter.

This Gentleman is still young and well made, his countenance extremely pleasing, his teeth very white and even, and the fairness of his complexion greatly improved by a well distributed freshness of color in his cheeks. His conversation is of that kind of turn which has ever been found to form an interest with the Ladies; for as his whole life has been one continued scene of gallantry, it has been the whole study of that life to render himself agreeable to them.—Every the most secret turn in the business of coquetry, every the most inmost recess in the heart of woman, he is perfectly master of; and however superficial he may be in political knowledge, or indeed in any other sci-

ence, it would be the highest injustice to dispute his being the most consummate adept in the art of love. (n) OVID himself must give place to him in the theory of it; and for the practical part he had an athletic air, that gave the idea of an Hercules in those engagements.

Endowed with such superior talents, Madame de POMPADOUR looked upon

(n) The Abbot BERNIS when at Paris had nothing to subsist on but the liberality of the Ladies, who finding him extremely to their liking, provided him with cloaths and diet; but as he had not the good fortune to fall in with any woman who had much more in her power, he never made any very shining figure there; but was on the contrary very often in freights.

him as extremely capable of unravelling the most knotty, and of conducting the most arduous affairs of state, imagining, with great reason, that in the course of an administration which she alone had put into his hands, he would certainly take no step without first consulting her.

In his exaltation, however, the poor Abbot BERNIS exactly answered the description which MONTAIGNE has given of those apes, who having with great nimbleness climbed up to the top of a tree, the height they have reached serves only the more to shew their posteriors.—Yet this did not prevent his maintaining the rank he had acquired,

so long as he continued to be supported by the same hand which had at first been reached out to lift him to it; nor did he fall, till, through ingratitude, a vice from which the Romish clergy has not always been imagined to be entirely clear, he thought proper to slight the author of his fortunes, and to repay the obligations he lay under to the Marchioness by laying a plan for her destruction.

During the interval which preceded his disgrace, the Abbot was loaded with all kinds of favors by Madame de POMPADOUR.—Nay, not satisfied with every thing that she had done for him hitherto, in procuring him titles, pen-

fions, church preferments, &c. she even made him a present, in spite of her known, her acknowledged avarice or passion for money, of a very considerable sum, to enable him to make a still more splendid appearance.

And now this quondam grub, this new-made butterfly, who not above ten or twelve years before had been lodged at Paris in a ready furnished room on a fourth floor, and who used, dressed in a shabby black coat and threadbare cloak, to go to dine at any little cook's shop, where he could get credit (o): now, I say, was this very same

(o) When he came to be a Minister, there were fifty of these kind of people who came af-

contemptible object lodged in the Palace of Bourbon, where the apartments are more magnificent than those of Versailles, where he gave orders at once for an hundred thousand crowns worth of plate, and appeared with a pomp and splendor far outshining that of all the Princes of the Blood.

This magnificence, however, was far from pleasing to any eyes but those

ter him to be paid, some five or six crowns, some more, some less. Those who had his notes of hand he paid; but for the rest he discharged them unpaid, and threatened to send them to the Bicêtre if they ever came to trouble him again.

of the infatuated Marchioness.—The Grandees were greatly disgusted at it, and the people, who very plainly saw the charge of it must fall on them at last, openly murmured at it.—As to the populace, Madame de POMPADOUR ever despised their clamours; but that the Abbot's brilliant equipage might less exceptionably dazzle the eyes of those at Court, she now resolved to make him more their equal by making him a Cardinal.—It is true that heretofore a distinguished piety, an eminence in learning, or nobility of blood, were principally the requisites to raise a man to that exalted church-dignity; but now the times are changed, and interest or money more amply counterbal-

lance the deficiency of all those qualities.

Cardinal REZZONICO, on his first accession to the Papal Chair, being more scrupulous than BENEDICT XIV. openly declared a resolution to reform those abuses, to give an entire new face to the Church, and restore its Supreme Head to his former and original authority.—It was however represented to him that he had the misfortune to live in a perverse and stubborn age, when reformation would be little likely to take effect, and that it would be most prudent in him to tread in the same path his holy predecessor had pursued, whose tranquil philosophy had a much better

effect than a turbulent and unavailing zeal could have. It was also intimated to him that the Popes never had greater need than now of keeping measures that might bring in a revenue to support the double dignity of Sovereign and Pontiff; and that, in short, the money of a villain or a prostitute would smell no worse than that which heretofore an Emperor received for certain taxes he had laid on human excrements.

The Holy Father, upon due reflection, found these arguments so palpable and just, that he submitted to their force, and thought proper not to set up a vain and useless opposition to the

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united torrents of corruption and necessity.

Madame de POMPADOUR, who, on the reformation-stile with which his Holiness had opened his administration, had begun to be a little apprehensive of his making some remonstrances to the King with respect to the Abbot's Cardinalship, took care to send to Rome a considerable quantity of that miraculous metal which breaks the strongest barriers, takes towns, gains battles, and, in short, does every thing in this sublunary world.—Nor was its power less conspicuous here, in smoothing instantly every path to the Cardinalship for the person she proposed ; and the

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Marchioness had now the satisfaction to have made a Cardinal, and to find that she could boast the same ascendent in the Church as in the Army.

The purple cast a new lustre on BERNIS, the brilliancy of which reflected almost wholly on his Patroness.—For many weeks they alternately gave public entertainments to celebrate his happy elevation to the Cardinalship; nor did the great number of masquerade-balls pass unremarked, during which the scandalous chronicle will have it that the Marchioness and Cardinal made several eclipses.

Any at Court would have been laughed at, who should have pretended to make a doubt that every private intimacy which can pass between a lover and his mistress was carried on between these two persons.—Nor is it indeed to be supposed that the Marchioness, because she no longer lies with the King herself, is solely satisfied with acting the part of a Procureress (p),

(p) It is said that she has for a long time past taken on herself the charge of providing for the King's pleasures, by choosing out from among the populace young girls of a pretty figure, but from whose other qualifications she can have nothing to be apprehensive.—She has them bathed, perfumed, cloathed, and in-

or is become entirely insensible to all the joys of love.—No, she is still of an age to relish them in the most voluptuous manner; and no man was more qualified to administer them to her than the Cardinal.—Besides, who knows but that this woman, so fond as she is of singularity, looking on her having barely dignified the brows of a Farmer of the revenue, as somewhat

—E 3

fructed for a month or six weeks; and when, thus prepared, she thinks they are a fit morsel for the King, she introduces them into private apartments to be served up to his Majesty; and when he grows tired of one dish, she always takes care to have removes ready at the same time, to keep up and gratify his appetite.

too much in the common road, may consider it as a greater refinement still of her pleasures to make a Cuckold of a King of France; for the long connexion which has subsisted between her and Louis XV. may well be esteemed in the light of a matrimonial one.

What truth however there may be in this most probable conjecture, I shall not pretend to say:—thus far however is indubitably certain, that the Marchioness was every day with his Eminence in private, either obliging him to give her an account of all those affairs which he had under his direction, or else employing her time with him in more a-

greeable occupations. The reader may believe which he likes best.

But how full of ingratitude is the heart of man, and how hard to satisfy! —The Cardinal now grew tired of this very person whom he had so often treated as a Goddess, and who had indeed created his fortunes out of nothing; nor was he satisfied with shewing his disgust by coldness and indifference, but he even engaged himself in a villainous design of ruining her, in order to get rid of her.

He entered, in short, into a combination formed against her, and left no stone unturned to injure her in the opi-

nion of the King.—His Majesty, however, according to his custom, gave the Marchioness a full account of the whole scheme that had been laid against her, and named to her all the parties;—on much the greater number of whom she took care to be instantly revenged. But though she was not less enraged than astonished at the bare perfidy of her own creature, yet she did not at first fly out against him; and it appears very plainly by the gentle methods she made use of to reclaim him, and to convince him of the black injustice, that it was against her will, and with sincere regret, she gave him up.

She instantly flew to his house, where he had the assurance even to be denied to her, and to give orders that she should be refused admittance to his apartments.—The Marchioness, however, before whom every door at Versailles had been accustomed to fly off its hinges as she approached, was not to be thus repulsed.—She returned the day following, and addressed an expostulation to him, with much the air of AUGUSTUS coming to an explanation with CINNA, in a play of CORNEILLE's. Their conversation, such as Madame de BASCHI has repeated it to many persons, was as follows.

“ Abbot de BERNIS,” said the Marchioness, “ in spite of your ignorance, “ in spite of your incapacity, in spite “ even of that contempt which all the “ world had for you, I have raised you “ from the little miserable insect that “ you were, and that by a progress in- “ conceivably quick, to the rank of “ an Ambassador and Minister ; I have “ lavished heaps of money on your “ worthless head ; I have just now “ made you a Cardinal, and you, in “ recompence of these services, would “ ruin me !”

His Eminence, who from this pathetic speech, had figured to himself, that Madame de POMPADOUR was on

the very verge of banishment, assumed an air of dignity, and with the gravity of a real Statesman answered
“ thus, I am not, Madame, ignorant nor insensible of what I owe
“ to you, nor shall I ever lose the
“ remembrance of your favors ; but
“ in the execution of the trust in which
“ you have plac’d me, it is my duty
“ to prefer the interest of my King and
“ country to every other consideration
“ whatever.”

Tis true, this answer might have been a good one, and would indeed have become the mouth of an honest and an able Minister.—Nay, even in de BERNIS, it would have been more to-

lerable, had his Eminence but had the least real knowledge of political affairs, or, could have distinguished what the real interest of the kingdom was:—but in a man like him, after having failed so essentially in point of gratitude to his benefactress, whom a whimsical taste had so prejudiced in his favour, it would surely have been more becoming, if, on that discovery, he had addressed her thus.—“Madam, I, with the
“utmost humility intreat your pardon for my ingratitude; behold me
“sinking underneath a load of penitence and confusion at the reflection
“on it.—The service which you have
“done me, never can be forgotten
“while I live: permit me Madam,

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“ then, to place you properly upon
“ that couch, where I will give you
“ the best proofs in my power, at once
“ of my love and regret .”

He might perhaps, by such a speech
as this have pacified the Marchioness,
who, now, sensibly piqued at the discovery
of the foolish choice she had
made of such a person to lavish gifts
and honors on, gave him a look at
once of pity and contempt, and taking
up his scarlet hat, and clapping him on
the shoulder at the same time, only said
to him, “ Ah, poor BERNIS, this lit-
“ tle hat has then robbed you of the
“ very little head you had ;” then left

him, and in a very few days afterwards he was disgraced.

It has been imagined, that the Marchioness's intentions in regard to the Abbot BERNIS, were not limited to the making him a member of the Sacred College, but that she had extended them to the design of making him Pope immediately after the death of the present one, and that some of the millions which she has so long been hoarding, were to have been laid out in the purchase of suffrages.

Should this be true, Madame de POMPADOUR would not be the first woman who has created her gallant a Vicar-

of CHRIST, or caused her paramour to be dubbed his Holiness.—And it is presumed, that had the same honor been paid to Monsieur the Abbot de BERNIS, he would undoubtedly have made use of all the prerogatives of the Chair, in favor of her who had seated him in it, and that, in order to gratify her utmost ambition, he would have canonized her, even in her life-time (q).

How great a pity it is that the Abbot's badness of heart should have thus nipped in the bud events which would

(q) Some of the Popes have placed in the rubric of Saints, persons who have been as great sinners as Madame de POMPADOUR.

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have rendered the history of our age so very interesting, and afforded so fine an entertainment both of amusement and instruction to the curiosity of future ages.

Nor should this project of the Marchioness, if she did really give encouragement to the idea, be looked upon merely as a chimera.—She has done things full as extraordinary, and I am well persuaded, if she had once in earnest set about it, she would have found no difficulty in bringing it to bear.—What cannot money and intrigue perform?—especially at the court of Rome? and who is more in condition to make an advantageous use

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of these two instruments, than Madame de POMPADOUR?—She and Monsieur de MONTMARTEL (r) have be-

(r) There were three of these MONTMARTELS.—The eldest, who is dead, was possessed of very eminent talents for business, and made the fortunes of the other two.—Him we are now speaking of is the eldest.—The most astonishing abundance and luxury reigns throughout all his habitation.—Whenever he goes to Bournay, his country seat, such a number of tradesmen follow him, that they form a kind of fair round his house.—The King walking one day in his orange-grove at Versailles, his gardener said to him, “Your Majesty should have such an orange-grove as Monsieur MONTMARTEL has at Bournay.”

tween them, money enough to make six Popes successively.

When I have said that Monsieur de MONTMARTEL has been imagined the father of Madame de POMPADOUR, I have not advanced it without foundation; the great credit he enjoys at Court, and the singular favors which are heaped on him there, give the greatest strength of appearance to such a supposition.

He obtained from the King last year, for his son, the preference of him to a place for a million of livres, which

“ Ah !” replied the king, “ That might indeed do for Monsieur MONTMARTEL, but I am not so rich as he.”

were paid down in ready money.—It was the post of *Maitre d' Hôtel* to the Queen's household.—An office which had hitherto been always filled up by persons of the very first distinction, and which is now held by the grandson of an inn-keeper of Normandy.

This strange promotion immediately gave great disgust to all the principal Nobility, who determined to remonstrate very warmly with his Majesty on the occasion; but all to no purpose; he had been prejudiced against them beforehand by Madame de POMPADOUR.—He heard, indeed, their representations, but did not vouchsafe to take the least notice of them.

A nation whose strength and glory had been so long supported by its numerous Nobility might reasonably expect to have seen them treated with a regard more adequate to their merit.— Has not France the greatest reason to be apprehensive, that this Nobility, treated thus cavalierly, will soon become less zealous for the glory of their country, and that their resentment for the indignities they suffer will get the better of their attachment to their King : How great must be their pangs, while sacrificing fortune, children, life, in the service of the State, to see themselves less regarded, less valued, than a petty mistress; to see that it is she who rules and governs all; and that either

the united cries of the whole nation reach not their Monarch's ears, or that he is so insensible as not to be at all affected by them!

The Prince of Conti is quite laid aside:—that Prince, the darling of the soldiery; that perfect master of the art of war, who probably might have preserved the reputation of France, and saved her from that universal mourning into which Rosbach, Crevelt, and Minden have put her sons.

It was one day hinted to this Prince, how great a surprize it was to every one, that the King gave him no command. — “I should have thought,”

replied he, "that my known zeal for
" my country, my rank, my services,
" might all have spoken for me.—
" But since I find that they are not
" sufficient, and that a conduct unwor-
" thy both of my character and birth
" would be required to bring me into
" employment, I see myself obliged,
" for my own honor's sake, even in
" these very critical and unfortunate
" conjunctures, to remain inactive."

The Prince of Conti, his sister, the
Dutchess of Orleans, and the Counts
de la MARCHE and de CHAROLOIS,
are the only persons who have not de-
based the dignity of their rank, by keep-
ing measures with the Marchioness;

whilst she, on her side, has on all occasions expressed towards them the utmost haughtiness and resentment.—But the Prince of Conti vexes her the worst of all, and the most openly declares his high contempt of her.—He knows perfectly well how far he can shew it to her, without affecting the King by it ; and therefore frequently finds and takes opportunities of mortifying her excessive pride.

The Marchioness, in her turn, finds means of avenging herself on him, as far as she can so on a Prince who is respected and beloved by the whole nation.—The King, who cannot help esteeming him, and yet at the same

time would take any step rather than disoblige his mistress, durst not at first employ this Prince: but he has now even entirely given over all thoughts of doing so; the Marchioness having so far gained her point, as to make him fear him, to fill him with apprehensions from his haughty humor, and to persuade him that he was the only one, of all the Princes of the Blood, who sometimes durst to stand in opposition to his inclinations, and who had had the boldness to approve of, and even to countenance, the firm steps taken by his Parliament.

That Monsieur SILHOVETTE is actually Comptroller-general of the Fi-

nances, is much less owing to his own capacity, however equal it may be to the employment, than to the ardent desire with which Madame de POMPADOUR burns to be revenged on the House of CONTI.

Monsieur SILHOUETTE was formerly Chancellor to the Duke of Orleans, but had been disgraced, because, at the solicitation of Monsieur de SOUBIZE and the Marchioness, he had prevailed on his master, over whose mind he had the most absolute power, to take some measures, of which he afterwards repented, with respect to the match of the young Prince of Condé with Mademoiselle de SOUBIZE.

The Chancellor thus discharged, laid before the Marchioness his projects in regard to the Finances, (for to her it is always necessary to make the first application, in order to success in any affair whatsoever) and she was extremely delighted with them; and not the less so, as several persons, to whom she had a dislike, must suffer by them, most especially the House of CONTI, who had very considerable interests depending on the posts, and several other particulars in the revenue, into which he proposed to introduce a reformation.

Monfieur de BULLOGNE, that was then Comptroller general, a man who

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was extremely rich, very fond of his ease, and moreover, not at all agreeable to the Marchioness, was instantly removed, and Monsieur SILHOVETTE being nominated immediately in his room, began without delay to put his plan in execution. The public in general seemed very well pleased with it, but as it was highly detrimental to a great number of persons of distinction, they cried out loudly against the new Comptroller; yet he, protected by the all-powerful hand of Madame de POMPADOUR, laughs at all their clamors, and successively unfolds all the several parts of his extensive system.

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Monfieur de SILHOUETTE is a man of very good intentions, and is Author of feveral works which are in fome eftimation with the public.—Whilft, poffeffed of forty or fifty thoufand livres per annum, he may very well pique himfelf on a philosophical turn of mind, and appear, nay, and perhaps even be in reality, difinter-efted.

When he was firft eftablifhed in the poft of Comptroller, he expreffed himfelf in fomewhat like thefe terms: “I
“ may,” faid he, “ perhaps, keep this
“ place thefe twenty years ; perhaps I
“ may throw it up in a month.—I
“ will accept of no falary :—my eftate

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“ is enough for me ; and the interest
“ of the public is the sole point I
“ shall keep in view.”

It is not however very probable that he will remain in this post for twenty years, though he ought certainly to be continued in it ; since all his operations tend only to the relief and satisfaction of the nation, and he has the the good fortune to please Madame de POMPADOUR:— from which example we may derive this maxim, that private animosities may sometimes produce a public emolument.

The Marchioness, however, at the same time that she satisfied her own par-

particular pique against the House of CONTI, had also the additional pleasure of gratifying that of Monsieur de SOUBIZE, whom the Dutchess of Orleans had made the subject of a great number of spirited epigrams, and whom the Prince of Conti had every where ridiculed with regard to his military accomplishments.

At the time that the news came to Paris of the defeat at Rosbach, a report prevailed that the Prince of Soubize had signalized himself very greatly in the action; that he had two horses killed under him, and a page who was close by him in the affair had been taken off by a cannon-ball. The truth of the fact

however appears to have been, that Monsieur SOUBIZE having lost the little understanding he had, and running about, he knew not whither, like one distracted, the two horses expired underneath him with mere fatigue.— When the Dutchess of Orleans came to be acquainted with the reality of this circumstance, as well as of some others, she thus extolled the glory of the Prince: — “ We are assured,” said she, “ that his Highness (s) that day per-

(s) The title of Highness was the occasion of a great number of pleasantries against Monsieur de SOUBIZE.— When he first obtained it, and went to pay his visits to several persons of Quality of his acquaintance, they every one of them

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“ formed mitacles, beyond even what
“ could be believed of human nature ;
“ and that seeing his people take to
“ flight, he was desirous, like a second
“ ORLANDO, to defeat the whole
“ Prussian army with his own single
“ person :—he had two horses killed
“ under him, and one of his pages
“ struck dead with the wind of a can-
“ non-ball, at but four hundred paces
“ from his own person ; — it is un-

denied themselves to him : on which he went to
the King, to entreat him to take back the
Title he had honored him with, for that
none of his friends would now see him.—
The Title however is now become customary
to him, and most of those who were at first so
disgusted at it, now bestow it on him without
any difficulty.

“doubtedly for this reason that the
“Marchioness, trembling for the dan-
“gers he has passed through, has re-
“called him to herself, in order that
“his valor may not a second time ex-
“pose itself to run such dreadful
“risks:”—“surely,” added she, “the
“King of Prussia never could have
“known it was his Highness’s self
“in person who commanded our
“troops; for if he had, he must have
“certainly paid more respect to a
“Prince, honored with the favor and
“protection of Madame de POMPA-
“DOUR.”

Such hints as these, thrown out thus
publicly against a woman so susceptible

of resentment as Madame de POMPADOUR, and against a person whose interest she has ever had so much at heart, cannot but give her the most violent vexation.—This it is which secretly imbitters and casts a cloud over that brilliant happiness of which she appears to be possessed.—The eyes of the commonalty, indeed, are dazzled by it; but there is not perhaps a single individual amongst the numbers of those who envy her, who is not, in his own respective situation, a thousand times more happy than she can be in hers.—Accustomed, as she has been, to see every thing bend to her will, and yield to her desires, the smallest opposition she can meet with, the slightest obsta-

de which presents itself to thwart that will, or check those desires, poisons all the pleasure which the most desired successes can give her.

MOLIERE has honestly confessed, that the most trivial, the most paltry criticism made upon his works, had always given him more real pain, than the greatest, most sincere, and justest approbation, had ever yielded satisfaction. Thus must it also be nearly with Madame de POMPADOUR.—And those, indeed, who know the human heart, and at the same time, are duly sensible of what the public good demands, whilst they deplore the mischiefs she occasions, are at the same time very

far from envying the mere ideal happiness of her condition.—For she has sense and penetration, and what face soever she may set forwards to the world, she cannot hide from herself, that she is the universal object of the nation's curses:—a reflection, which of itself alone must make her miserable, and cause her, in her hours of sober thoughts, to pay extremely dear for those slight transitory satisfactions which she sometimes takes on those who hate, despise, or revile her.

But to deliver the reader from the fatigue of these tedious reflections, we shall now endeavour to dispel the gloom they may have cast on him,

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by the relation of an adventure which we hope will for a moment amuse him.

One day last year, as Madame de POMPADOUR was crossing the marble court of the palace of Versailles on foot and alone, she happened to make a false step, and fell backwards; when by the discomposure of her cloaths, she made a full display of a fine modern edition, of that which had in days of yore, laid Troy in ashes, and a proper application to which had not long since made a Cardinal of the Abbot de BERNIS.—A common Soldier of the guards, ran instantly to her assistance, and as she was a little stunned by the acci-

dent, he came up close to her before she had recollected herself sufficiently to repair the disorder of dress into which it had thrown her. The soldier behaved very decently, and shading with his hand, the favorite spot of his Majesty's dominions, helped her up.—But far from being punished, for having so nearly approached to this Sanctum Sanctorum, she that very day sent him a purse full of Lewidores, and in a very few weeks after, procured him the Cross of Saint Louis.—Nor was the other soldier, who some few years ago preserved the Dauphin's life, more amply recompensed than this man was for having seen the Marchioness's King-Trap.

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This story was presently related to a Gascon officer, who had been about three months at Versailles, soliciting in vain for some promotion : he had sold the little remnant of his fortune to enable him to make this journey, and was now dining on his last half crown at the ordinary, call'd the Blue-Dial.

—“ Now *par la sanbleu*, cried he, I

“ have served ten years in the army ;

“ I have ruined myself and family in

“ the King's service ; I have received

“ fifteen wounds, and in my life time

“ have performed some gallant acti-

“ ons ; but have been able to get no-

“ thing for them all.—And now do but

“ see the perverseness of the fate which

“ persecutes me ;—I have been a long

“ time at Versailles, and have crossed
“ this marble court twenty times a
“ day ; yet nothing was wanting to
“ make my fortune, but once in my
“ life to get a sight of Madame de
“ POMPADOUR’S *Ante-secula*, and that
“ opportunity I have missed :” This
complaint, pronounced with great vivacity, and in the true provincial accent, could not but occasion a violent fit of laughter in the whole company, who were at table.—But as the former part of his speech carried but too much truth along with it, their first emotion was very soon changed to that of a sincere compassion.

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Many couplets were composed on occasion of this droll adventure:—some of them satirical, and some in compliments of those secret charms which had been thus discovered by the too happy sentinel (t). These hidden

(t) Monsieur de VOLTAIRE in his Pucelle, takes notice of Madame de POMPADOUR's legs in speaking of those of the lovely DOROTHEA, who being at Church, and stooping down to pray, the insolent JEAN CHANDOS, who was behind her, slipped his hand up her under petticoat :

Et decouvrit deux Jambes que l'Amour
Refit depuis pour porter POMPADOUR,

—Two legs the fair display'd
Which CUPID since for POMPADOUR, new-made,

beauties which Monsieur D'ESTIOLLES had seen in all their first perfection, undoubtedly were the chief motives which made him so long continue inconsolable for their loss.—He wandered about, for upwards of three years, in the environs of Versailles, like some forlorn and discontented spirit, sighing and murmuring for the want of his mate, as if she had had indeed the Turtle's faith and chastity.—At length, however, time, against the salutary workings of which no distress is proof, comforted poor D'ESTIOLLES.—But as he was convinced, that no one woman could be found fit to supply the place of such a kind and constant Wife, he wisely fixed on a

number : which, in process of time, he has reduced to two, with whom he may most commonly be seen sitting at the Play or Opera.—How much to be preferred is such a situation before self-banishment into monastic ground, or kissing holy relicks in Avignon !

In short, when it is a Monarch's gracious pleasure to dignify a subject with ACTÆON's crest, his wisest way is surely not to use his antlers in defiance, or turn at Bay upon the Royal-Hunter ; but to sit down with philosophical patience, and in good part receive the posts and revenues which his new title ever brings with it :—But for this fortunate event, would Monsieur d'Es-

TIOLLES be now in the possession of two hundred thousand livres annual income?—would Monsieur de POISSON, his brother in law, have had a Marquisate and a Blue-Ribbon, or Madame de BASCHI, his sister, have seen her husband sent Ambassador to Portugal?—a man so ignorant, even of common forms, that he was absolutely forced to be tutored like a school-boy for three months together, as to the ceremonies he must use when he received his audience, and even after all occasioned infinite confusion in affairs, by doing every thing he undertook just the contrary of what it should have been done.

This very man however, is now actually studying politics under the directions of his sister in law the Marchioness.—And there is no doubt but that France, on the very first opportunity, will have the satisfaction of seeing him placed at the head of her affairs; and when that happy day shall come, he doubtless, will unfold to the admiring world, the wondrous system of designs laid down in the grand Council, now composed of Monsieur de SOUBIZE, the Marchioness de POMPADOUR, Monsieur and Madame de BASCHI, and Monsieur BERRYER, the sublime projector of the never-enough-to-be-celebrated flat-bottomed boats.

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No one has yet been able to divine what motives could have tempted Madame de POMPAUDUR, to fix her choice on the last mentioned person, and it was matter of universal admiration at Paris, to see this little *Lieutenant de Police*, whose utmost limits of authority for many years had reached no further than that of sending some poor girls to Bridewell, take a large stride at once from that little post, to the important employment of a Superintendant of the Marine.

That a man supported by the powerful interests Monsieur de BERRYER had in his favor, should find partizans, who made it their business to publish to

the world, that he was master of the most extraordinary and extensive abilities in navigation, commerce, and even in the conduct of naval armaments, can scarcely be wondered at.— But what must undoubtedly appear matter of just astonishment, is, that an almost universal credit should be given to these reports, and that the French nation should have form'd to themselves the extravagant idea that this unknown upstart would render himself as formidable to the English, as ARCHIMEDES was heretofore to the Romans.

The great efforts, however, of this new projector, at length shrunk all at once into the pigmy fancy of the flat-

bottomed boats.—An invention, from which, however worthy of its Parent, no other advantage has been reaped, but the expence of an immense sum, and having procured to its author, the title or nick name of Flat-bottom BERRYER.

The fate of Monsieur de la CLUE's squadron, sent out under this Gentlemans auspices, has not greatly improved the sentiments of the people in his favor: Less yet can it be imagined, that he will receive an increase of lustre from the figure the maritime forces of France have lately made, when on the coast of Britany, where their capital ships were driven into creeks and rivu-

lets, scarce fit to receive bum-boats : when in short, all the ships of such a royal fleet were, literally speaking, fluttered like so many surprized chickens under the swoop of a hawk. So that we shall probably see the poor BERRYER, as we have seen the land-commanders, displaced, and his post supplied by some other of not a bit more merit than himself.

However that may be, Monsieur de BERRYER, about two years ago, published at his own expence a new edition of the Visions of QUEVEDO.—The people of wit, have, on a late occasion, given it out, that a second impression of the said work is just on the point of

publication, which will be rendered still more curious and entertaining, by the addition of the recent Vision of the flat-bottomed boats, a Dream ; which, for its ridiculousness, will certainly not give place to any of QUEVEDO's.

After our having seen so many Generals and Ministers made and unmade, set up and taken down again, by Madame de POMPADOUR, there seems but one thing wanting to make the history of her life compleatly interesting, and at the same time render it entirely singular in its kind.—That is, for her to gird on the sword herself, and in her own person, like another Maid of Orleans, take the field on a scheme of re-

storing the reputation of the arms of France.—She wants neither ambition, understanding, nor courage, equal to the performance of this part; and I am apt to think that that same famous JOAN, was scarcely more a virgin than our heroine.—In short, as she seems to aspire, like another RICHELIEU, to the acquisition of every kind of glory, the world need not despair of seeing this extraordinary scene brought on the stage in our times.—The King would not oppose the attempt, if she was positively bent upon it; but, on the contrary, would probably accompany her in it, to give a sanction to the whimsicalness of such an expedition.—Whether or not the King of Prussia and

Prince Ferdinand, would retire before her, as CLEOMENES King of Sparta, is said to have done, at the sight of TELESILLA, from a fear of being disgraced by fighting with a woman, it is difficult to say:—but it appears most likely they would not, as they have, in the progress of the war, engaged already with several Generals, who were not much better than old women.

It is very certain, that the Dauphin, not long since, broached a piece of raillery to this purpose in presence of several Courtiers, some of whom were weak enough to mention it again.—It soon reached the King's ears, who at that time took no notice of it; but

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MADAME DE POMPADOUR, having afterwards represented to him the indecency, and even danger of such conversations, his Majesty severely reprimanded the Dauphin on that head.

That Prince's enmity to the Marchioness, was much strengthened by the following anecdote.

The former Dauphiness, who was naturally of a very haughty disposition, and carried herself with a spirit that rather inspired respect than love, was accordingly little agreeable to the herd of Courtiers. She conceived and openly expressed the most sovereign contempt for MADAME DE POMPADOUR, and

whilst she lived, instilled into the Dauphin the same sentiments, and the same dislike. When she died, she was not at all lamented, either by the Court in general, or even by those who had possessed places in her Household; for indeed, she had most religiously observed the advice which the Queen her mother had given her on her leaving Madrid (*t*), and had made it the constant rule of her conduct.

At her death some of the Courtiers were ironically advancing how necessary

(*t*) “ You are,” said the Queen, “ going to
“ France; respect the King, love your husband, pay a proper duty to the Queen, and
“ make every one else fear you”

it was, a history of the Dauphiness's life should be collected by some able author.—“That will neither be a long, nor a laborious task,” replied one; “I will give it you in three words, thus: she came to France, was kissed, and died.”

How prevailing soever the taste for compendiousness may be in this age, it would surely be difficult to abridge this history, nor would perhaps the concisest writer find himself able to compile the story of her life in fewer words.

The Dauphin, however, to whom this piece of raillery was presently related, was extremely enraged at it.

and having been also informed that Madame de POMPADOUR had expressed her approbation, by a violent burst of laughter at the repetition of it; this added to his other reasons of resentment against her, so inflammatory an one, that he has not to this hour forgiven her.—It is not indeed improbable, that the Jesuits, who are now at Court, and who have no very great fondness for the interposition of females in the management of affairs, have with a secret satisfaction observed, and by underhand means, fed as much as possible the flame of this aversion in the Dauphin —And to say truth, were they never to be guilty of worse actions, they would not be so odious as they are.

Never was this ecclesiastical train of engineers more numerous at the Court of France than now, for the King's Confessor, the Queen's Confessor, and the Dauphiness's Confessor are all Jesuits.

The latter of these reverend personages is called Father le CROUST, a fat German, who, when he first came to Court, appeared as great a novelty, as wonderful a curiosity, and as ignorant of every thing about him, as one of the savages of America; besides which, his figure resembles very nearly that one would imagine of a bear, just caught in the Black-forest; which made the Marchioness, on seeing him one day walking with the Dauphiness,

who diverts herself greatly with his appearance and conversation, to cry out laughing, "See there the Dauphiness and her Bruin." The two following anecdotes, which we shall give the reader, as to this Churchman, will enable him to form a tolerable just idea of his general character, and will perhaps not appear unentertaining.

The King happening to meet him immediately after the Dauphiness's first lying-in, "Well, Father le CROUST," said his Majesty, "the Dauphiness has made us a present of a Princess."—"Very true, Sir", replied he, "it is only a girl: but indeed we did every thing that was requisite to have a boy."

Another time, his Majesty having presented him his hand to kiss, the good Jesuit took hold of it, squeezed it very hard, and shook it, as if it had been that of some sturdy German carter. As soon as he had regaled the

King with this piece of courtesy, which afforded high diversion to him and his Courtiers, the Duke de Richelieu going up to the Reverend Father, said to him :

“ Father, the next time his Majesty gives you his hand, only be so good not to break his fingers, nor pluck his arm off.”

A propos! Whilst I think of it, let me place here an anecdote current for a while about the Court; of which how-

ever I should be loth to warrant the truth. The invention however is not a bad one. A certain Duke, famous for repartee, the scourge of the Marchioness, and formerly the terror of every husband, has not himself been able to avoid becoming the monster he has made so many others.—His Dutchesse, although of a very illustrious house, had chose to amuse herself with a private Gentleman. His Valet de Chambre having informed him of his Lady's gallantries, he prudently affected not to believe it, and told the Valet he must be mistaken.—The man, however, certain of the fact, staid till next day, when he assured the Duke that Mon-

fleur de *** was actually at that time
 in the Dutchess's chamber.—The Duke
 went up with a pair of pistols in his
 hand, and when he came into the room,
 perceived that it was one of his own
 acquaintance, who had been thus in-
 rolling his name in the innumerable list.
 —When instantly, presenting his pis-
 tols, “Faith, Sir,” said he, “when
 “you have a mind to lie with my
 “wife, and in my own house too, it
 “would at least be proper that the
 “whole family should not be acquaint-
 “ed with it, and that you should ma-
 “nage matters somewhat more pri-
 “vately:—for which reason, Sir, you
 “must either leap out at the window,
 “or I must blow your brains out.”

As the apartment was not very high, the gallant made no hesitation, but followed his advice, and took the leap.—The Duke went down, and calling for his Valet de Chambre, gave him a severe reprimand; telling him, he had before believed what he was now convinced of, that he had been mistaken; for that, in spite of all his pretences, he had found nobody with the Dutcheſs.—The poor fellow swore that any mistake was impossible, as his own eyes had been witness to the Gentleman's going in; and in order to prove his assertion, stood Centinel with the utmost assiduity till the next morning:—but in vain.—It was watching the flown bird.

Nothing could have given Madame de POMPADOUR a more high delight than the knowledge of an adventure so full of ridicule, more especially as her principal foe was so conspicuously rendered the Hero of the Farce—Nor could she help, by a certain air of satisfaction, and also by the letting drop some few expressions, which, when so fully understood, could need no explanation, convincing the Duke de ——— that she was no stranger to the full extent of his misfortune.—A man of his abilities, however piqued, could not be at a moment's loss for a reply:—
 “ Ah, Madam,” said he, “ this is a
 “ fate which all mankind are subject to

“alike, from the Exciseman to the
“Monarch.” — By this keen repartee
not only hinting her having cuckold-
ed the famous Farmer-general, Mon-
sieur d’ESTIOLLES, but also convincing
her that the world was far from being
satisfied that, in one nice article, she
had not even spared the Grand Mo-
narque himself, in her intercourse with
Monsieur L’Abbot de BERNIS. The
first part of the story has however been
told long ago, with little variation, of
another Duke; but in a debauched
Court, these repetitions will unavoida-
bly happen; so that the similarity is no
argument of falsity.

Madame de POMPADOUR, however, affected to take no notice of this reply, and for fear of drawing on herself somewhat still more severe, artfully found means to change the conversation.— Nor did she even make the least mention of it to the King, as she had found, from frequent experience, how very slight an impression any complaints she presented to him against that Duke, had ever made upon his Majesty; the Duke's address having always been sufficient, whenever matters came to an explanation, to cast such a color on every transaction, as would entirely free him from any kind of censure.

There is no doubt but the Marchioness would be extremely glad to keep him at his government, whither he is at present retired; yet, whenever he begins to be really tired of his rustication, he will easily find ways and means to pave the way for his return to Court.

But to proceed: I shall not, I hope, run any risk of blame, if I here insert some little unconnected facts which relate to the Marchioness.—In a large and important history, indeed, they might appear too little interesting, and the mention of them might have somewhat the air of a botch, or expletive patch-work.—But in scattered Memoirs, like

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these, every the most trifling circumstance, wherein the Heroine, who forms the principal figure in the piece, has the least concern, cannot surely be looked on as impertinent or disagreeable.—

With what singular satisfaction should we, at this day, read a thousand little anecdotes in regard to those celebrated beauties of antiquity, so highly distinguished heretofore by their superior rank, who stood in the same class indeed with Madame de POMPADOUR, but none of whom have ever shone with such resplendent lustre!—It is not to be doubted but there were writers who had compiled their histories, for the information of curious posterity. But alas! the all-devouring teeth of

Time, and the enthusiastic rage of Monks and Barbarians, which have deprived us of so many works of SALUST, CICERO, and LIVY, have also robbed us of those precious anecdotes whose loss is now so feelingly deplored by those whose time hangs heavy on their hands, and want perpetual dissipation to ease them of the burthen.—For the advantage then of future ages, and to relieve persons of such a stamp hereafter from their so rational regrets, I take upon me to inform them of the following facts,

LA POMPADOUR rarely goes to Paris, unless incognita, when most of the lower rank shew great curiosity to ob-

tain a sight of her ; but it is a curiosity of the same kind with that we feel for seeing a Crocodile or Rattle-snake, a Wolf or Tyger, or some fatal Comet, whose appearance we look on as the sure prognostic of devastation or other calamities.

She dares not to be seen at any of the places of public diversion.—The Theatres are the only places where the unfortunate Parisians still form a kind of body, and seem to have preserved some small remains of liberty. As almost every one of them carries a piece of steel by his side, it is probable, in spite of the Guards, who generally are very passive in such commotions, that

when the tumult of their passion should be risen to its height, they would make no scruple to load her with the severest and most violent imprecations; nor would suffer the performances to go on till she had left the place.

She has too much sense, however, to expose herself to the hazard of an affront of this shocking kind.—The places she honors with her presence are for the most part the Churches and Academies; and sometimes she visits any new works that are carrying on. Yet even here she never appears but surrounded with numbers of her own creatures, and at least fifty of the Body-guard, the most of them in disguise,

who might defend her in case of any insult offered her.

The Marquis her brother is ever her companion in these visitations.—

And whilst the whole society of Connoisseurs appear enraptured at the beauties of a picture, a statue, or some new design in Architecture, he looks on it with an air of cold indifference, having somewhere heard that admiration is the sign of a little mind.—If any one takes the liberty of asking his opinion of a piece, he muses for a while, as if he was weighing fully its beauties and defects ; when, after all, and that the strangers-by might well expect a learned dissertation, he either answers, nothing ;

or, with a head significantly shaken, and a supercilious air, will cry, "Why, that is not very bad."—A sentiment extremely instructive to his hearers, and such as he imagines the strongest proof of the most penetrating genius and sagacity in him.

CASAABIGI, who, at the same time that he has given the world a most elegant edition of METASTASIO, has branded the work by a most execrable preface to it of his own composition, has dedicated the whole to Madame la Marquise de POMPADOUR; and in a Vignette which he has placed at the head of the Epistle-dedicatory, has made her be represented in the cha-

rafter of PALLAS, giving lectures to the Sages of the Areopagus, by whom she is furrounded. — It is not to be doubted but that ere long, some other writer, still more impertinent and fervile, will take it into his head to represent the stupid Marquis de MARIGNY under the idea of APOLLO, crowned with laurel, furrounded by the Muses, and with his own hands dispensing to them the pure waters of Hippocrene. Even he, whose highest honors, if suited to his merits, would be to carry a hod, and distribute mortar to the laborers.

But to say the truth, there is perhaps no great impropriety in describing

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Madame de PAMPADOUR with all the symbols of MINERVA; since, like that Goddess, she abounds in Wisdom, presides in War, is admirable at the Loom, and shews herself the guardian of the Arts and Sciences (u). — Yet, on the

(u) She gave directions to the Abbot de BERNIS to write to Monsieur de VOLTAIRE, in order to engage him to return to Paris, and to give him an invitation to the court. — But that great genius thought proper to prefer his pleasing solitude before the foolish pride of the great, by whom he had been before rejected. — His long absence has suppressed the envious jealousy of his critics. — They all admire him, praise even now his works, and pay the honors to him which seldom we find granted to the li-

whole, she has certainly more of the Cyprian Queen than of the Athenian Maid in her composition; and, in my opinion, she would make a much better figure in the character of VENUS, clasped in the arms of the good man ANCHISES.

ving.—So that the words of HORACE to AUGUSTUS may justly be applied to him:

Viventi tibi maturos largimur honores.

At the time however that the Marchioness made these proposals to VOLTAIRE, his Pucelle had not yet appeared.—His portrait of Madame de POMPADOUR in that Poem having too much of Satire, mingled with the Panegyric, for it possibly to give her pleasure.

It cannot indeed be denied that the Marchioness is possessed of a great share of understanding, and all those talents which serve to render a woman agreeable: but I dare not pretend to aver that she is mistress either of painting, sculpture, or architecture, and much less of the military art, or the profound depths of policy.—She may, perhaps, be an exceeding good judge of the delicate turn of a Madrigal, the keen attic point of an Epigram, or the moving passages of an air in Musick; and yet, at the same time, be wholly insensible of the real beauties of works of any depth of judgment and taste; such as MONTESQUIEU'S Spirit of the Laws, MA-

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BLY's Negotiations, or of any other
Authors of the first class.

It is true, that at the last exhibition of pictures in the Salle de Louvre, she gave her opinion, and with judgment, on many of the pieces which were brought thither. — The sensible and penetrating part of the world, however, were not at all surprized at it. It was well known by what persons that judgment was formed, and under whose instructions she had long been tutored; though, it must be owned, that she repeated her lessons in a manner which made them appear entirely her own, and added graces to them which were perfectly peculiar to herself.

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In this hall of the Louvre, her picture, drawn many years ago by BOUCHER, is now again exposed to public view, in the most conspicuous point of sight.—It is true, it has not now the least remaining likeness to the original; but as a great number of strangers come thither, who have never seen her, it gives her pleasure, that they should carry home with them an advantageous idea of her beauty, and that those who really know her now, may also be enabled, from this picture, to form a judgement of what she has been formerly.

About eight months ago she had her picture drawn by VAN LOO.—It was some time before she could prevail on

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herself to let him take her portrait ; as that painter, most unfashionably sincere, insisted positively on representing her such as she is—"I cannot, Madam," said he to her, "flatter in my pictures ;—they all resemble their originals. Dress yourself as you will, assume what air, what attitude you please, and I will imitate it."—The Marchioness could make no objection, surely, to so fair a proposition ; but tho' the piece, in point of execution, is far superior to Boucher's, yet, as it does not represent so fine a figure, I fancy it will scarcely be exhibited like that to public view.

Some days after Madame de Pompadour had been to examine the pic-

tures in the Louvre, there were carried away in one night, upwards of twenty thousand weight of iron bars belonging to the rails, wherewith her famous Hermitage was surrounded; and not contented with the robbery, the perpetrators of it ravaged the garden, laid waste the lovely house, broke several of the windows in her Hotel, and even demolished the statue of CUPID, in the center of the bosquet of roses, which was a very fine piece of sculpture.

It is scarce to be conceived how, in one single night, it was possible to do so much damage.—But no sooner was Madame de POMPADOUR acquainted with this bold outrage, than she also

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received information who were the actors of it, and yet, for what reason I know not, she never attempted to prosecute them, but only gave orders for the garden to be set to rights again, the windows to be new glazed, the greenhouse to be repaired, and new rails to be put up; which were immediately done, and in less than six days every thing was once more in Statu-quo.

This moderate behaviour with regard to the criminals in this affair, was probably the means of preserving her green-house from any further assaults.—

But immediately afterwards, some other malignants made an attack on her Hotel, and scribbled over the white stones

wherewith it is built, to the height of eight feet from the ground, with all sorts of scandalous and infamous inscriptions.—Some of them were in French, some in Latin, and some in Italian ; from which it is evident, there were other people than the mob, that were thus enraged against her.

Over the door, they entirely effaced with a smearing of lamp-black, the inscription HOTEL DE POMPADOUR, and substituted in its place the following letters, R. M. Æ. for an explanation of which there perhaps will be no need to have recourse to any of the writers

on ancient inscriptions.—The meaning is not hard to guess (*w*).

The conspirators in this design must at least have been a dozen, and those of such a rank, as to have no fear of the watch; for had they met with the least interruption in their business, they could not have executed it in so small a space of time.

Hatred and inveteracy, however, and not wit, were evidently the parents of these inscriptions.—The most of

(*w*) Probably Regiæ Meretrices Ædis, or rather Regiæ meretricum Ædes. The house of the Queen of the W—

them were extremely gross, and without the least humor.—One of them was engraven on the door, in these words, “Miserrimi Belli Causa, Cunnus.”—Which last word was also to be found in almost every one of the rest.

What was taken notice of as the most striking, was a drawing, wherein the French Monarch and his principal Ministers were represented with a string run through their nostrils, and led along by Madame de POMPADOUR, with the crown on her head, and the sceptre in her hand.

This horrible attempt, enraged the Marchioness in a far different manner from the ravaging her Hermitage; yet she was not so happy as to discover the authors of it; for notwithstanding the indefatigable pains which not only she, but the King and his Ministers took, to find out the criminals of *Læse meretriciæ Majestatis*, there were no traces to be found of them.

Ever since the attempt of D'AMIN's on the King's person, there have incessantly been very horrid libels fixed up in Paris against the church doors, in the Thuilleries, the Luxembourg, against the trees of the Palais Royal, and in short in all places

the most frequented.—They have always remained there for some time, because no one but a commissary was entitled to tear them down.—But whilst they were sticking, no one durst do more than cast a glance on them, and read them, as it were, as they ran, with fear and trembling; for many were seized, and very severely interrogated, for having been observed to look at them somewhat too attentively.

One of them was nailed on the gate of the Jesuits of the College of Louis le Grand, with these words: “Bruti, vos qui Reges consuevistis tollere, cur non hunc regem jugulatis? — Opus hoc, mihi credite, vestrorum est.”

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This latin inscription having been explained to the populace, who although, when sinking under an insupportable load of taxes, sometimes complain and cry out loudly, yet at the bottom, have always a sincere affection for their King, it was with the utmost difficulty they were prevented from setting fire to the Convent, and sacrificing all these BRUTUS's, whose aid was thus demanded.—

It was necessary to assemble almost the whole watch of Paris, and for some days surround their house with guards.—

Nor had they perhaps ever so just a cause to apprehend the augmentation of their list of Martyrs, and their own names being enrolled in the extensive

Martyrology of their Society compiled
by Father TANNER.

Had the King died at Mentz, he would have carried with him the sincere regret of all his subjects; but they are not since satisfied of his having made a suitable return to those warm testimonials of attachment and affection which they shewed to him on that occasion.— His weakness and prodigality with respect to the Marchioness, together with the immense charges, and at the same time unfortunate successes, of the present war, have so far alienated from him the greatest part of his subjects, whose eyes are now a little opened, that he may not impossibily find it extremely

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difficult to regain their hearts, or to preserve in future history the sur-name of Well-beloved, which they bestowed upon him.

Madame de CHATEAU-ROUX, whom he discarded at this conjuncture, died, it is true ; but let it not be believed either that her death was caused by joy, or that she was poisoned by the Dauphin's order, both which reports prevailed ; the real occasion of her quitting life, was an attempt to produce an abortion, she having thought proper to mitigate the grief his Majesty's dismissal of her had caused, by taking to her arms another lover, by whom she was then actually pregnant.

As I have here made mention of this lady, we cannot help taking notice how different a conduct our Heroine has observed in her behavior to the Queen, from what her predecessor did ; Madame de CHATEAU-ROUX always affected to treat her Majesty with that contempt, which it was rather more the Queen's right to have shewn towards a rival so contemptible.—Whereas the Marchioness, to do her justice, has ever paid the most respectful homage to her, and in her post of Dame d' Honneur, performs with a peculiar graciousness every duty that office can require of her, in spite of the wearisome subjection to which it confines her,

In short, Madame de PAMPADOUR, who is the veriest Cameleon on the earth, the most supple, the most complaisant creature living, is, in spite of her known character, almost become a favorite with the Queen; — she dresses like her; assents to all she says; agrees with all her humors, talks with her of her Father confessor, of the perfections of a christian life, of paradise and purgatory:—and at the same time knows how to pursue every other point incident to her situation;—such as to make a new Mareschal of France, overset one Minister and name another; console the King for a lost battle, procure him his supplies and armaments, read one dispatch, and dictate the tenor of ano-

ther ; punish, reward, betray :—in short, it is a point that would puzzle one to decide, which had the greatest variety of business to pursue, or of affairs to negotiate, she or the Hero of Prussia.

But in the midst of all her hurry of politics and ambition, fortune has thrown in her way occasions of making some atonement for all the mischief she does, which she has been wise enough to seize.

The following story does so much honor to LA POMPADOUR, that the suppression of it would be a real injustice to her. It may also serve to shew,

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by the sensation it can hardly fail of exciting, that one virtuous action is sometimes sufficient to cast a lustre great enough to close up the eyes of criticism, to a number of bad ones.

BOISSI, the author of several approved dramatic pieces, and especially of one which was deservedly esteemed, called *Le François à Londres*, (the Frenchman at London,) had not found himself exempt from the usual fate of those who cultivate the Muses. Even that spot said to be the least barren one of PARNASSUS, the Theatre, had produced to him little more than a scanty maintenance for himself, his

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wife, and one child. In short, misfortunes, want of economy perhaps, or whatever else might be the cause, I cannot well say ; but he was reduced to the most deplorable extremities of want.

In this condition, sinking under the indignities of his fate, he had however, too much of that spirit which characterizes genius, to debase himself by mean applications or mendicant letters. He had friends, whose kindness his need of them had not exhausted, and whom, for that very reason, he was the more averse from troubling. But his friends were but the more inexcusable, if they knew his dif-

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tress, not to save him the pain of an application. However, BORSSI, overcome with the irksomeness of his circumstances, embraced a resolution of taking the shortest way out of the wood, that of death. And in the light in which he considered it, as a friendly relief from further misery, he not only persuaded his wife to keep him company, but not to leave behind them a boy, a child of five years, to the mercy of a world in which they had found so little. Probably the example of RICHARD SMITH, in much the same situation, an example to which VOLTAIRE's recording it, gave such notoriety, might have its share in the fatal determination.

This resolution now formed of dying together, there remained nothing but to fix the manner of it. The most torturous one was chosen, that of hunger, not only as the most natural consequences of their condition, of which it might pass for the involuntary effect, but as it saved a violence which neither BOISSY nor his wife could find in their hearts to use to one another. In that solitude then of their apartment, in which the unfortunate need so little apprehend the being disturbed, they resolved to wait with unshaken constancy the arrival of their deliverer, though under the meager grim form of famine. They began then, and resolutely proceeded on their plan of starv-

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ing themselves to death, with their child. If any called, by chance, at their apartment, finding it locked, and no answer given, it was only concluded that no-body was at home. Thus they had all the time they could wish to consummate their intention. But what can deceive or damp a true friend? They had one, it seems, of a fortune not much superior to their own, and whom, for that reason, and for the dread of being an inconvenience to him, they had never acquainted with the extremities to which they were actually driven. This friend had been one of those who had called at their apartment, and finding it shut up, naturally concluded, as others did, that

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Boissi and his family were gone out, or perhaps removed. Upon reflexion however, or from that kind of instinct with which the spirit of friendship abounds, he began to apprehend that something must be much amiss with his friend, (though he could not guess what,) that he could neither find him at home, nor gain any intelligence about him. Under this anxiety, he returned to Boissi's apartment; and whether any motion or noise from within betrayed his being at home, or whether his friend began to suspect something of the matter, no answer being returned, he forced open the door.

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BOISSI and his wife had been so much in earnest, that it was now three days since they had taken any sustenance; insomuch that they were now got so far on in their way to their intended home, that one may say they touched the gates of it.

The friend, entered as he was into the room where this scene of death was going forward, found them already in such a situation, that they seemed insensible of his intrusion. BOISSI and his wife had no eyes but for one another, and were not sitting, but supported from falling to the ground by two chairs, set opposite to each other, their hands locked together;

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and with their ghastly looks, languidly dejected; in which might be read a kind of rueful compassion for the child that hung at the mother's knee, and seemed as if looking up to her for nourishment in its natural tenaciousness of life. This groupe of wretchedness did not less shock than afflict the friend. Soon collecting from circumstances the meaning of all this, his first care was not to expostulate with Boissy or his wife, but to engage them to receive his succours, in which he found no little difficulty. Their resolution had been taken in earnest; they were now got over the worst; and were in view of their port: The faintness which had succeeded the almost intolerable tor-

tures of hunger, had deadened their sense to them and to life. They might besides conceive a false shame of not going through with what they had thus resolved; a kind of slur being too often imagined to attend a suicide begun and not finished, as if it supposed a failure of firmness. The friend however took the right way to reconcile them to life, by making the child join his intercession: the child, who could have none of the prejudices or reasons they might for not retracting, and who, though he had little life left, had still enough not to be out of love with it. The instinct however of self-preservation operating its usual effect, he held up his little hands, and, in concert with

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the friend, entreated his parents to consent to all their relief. Nature did not plead in vain. The friend then proceeded, helpless and unattended as they were, to procure them immediate food, with proper precaution and cordials. Nor left he them till he had seen them in a way of recovery to life, and given them all the money he had about him. And thus Boissi, by his tender care, escaped at Paris giving the second edition of the tragedy of poor (*) OTWAY in London.

(*) OTWAY, the Author of Venice preserved, the Orphan, &c. literally speaking, dyed of hunger, being choaked by the first piece of bread he took after a long and involuntary fast:

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This story instantly took air, and was, among the news of the day, carried to LA POMPADOUR at Versailles, while she was parading it in quality of Queen of her little circle. Among her schemes for amusing the King, it was not her least, that of picking up for him all the town-stories and current anecdotes, to which she knew how to give such poignancy and embellishment by her manner of telling them, that the constantly renewing pleasure they afforded his Majesty, formed one of those links of his chain, which so great a lover of amusement as he was, could not find the easiest to break. It was no wonder therefore that so singular an adventure should not escape

her. One of her emissaries brought it fresh to her from town, and it became instantly the topic of conversation among all the company there assembled.

Most of them however received it with the utmost insensibility and indifference. Some of them even thought it a good jest spoiled, that the poor devil did not go through with it: an author starved to death, hah! hah! hah! To none was it matter of much surprise: nor of indignation, but to LA POMPADOUR and the Count de Tremain, who was, only by chance, at that illustrious levee. LA POMPADOUR was really moved at it: it even hurt

her in the character she affected of the MECENAS in petticoats. She was proceeding instantly to furnish him solid marks of her sentiments on this occasion, when the Marquis de MARIGNY, that same right honorable brother of hers, suspended the effects of such her resolution, by the following speech, in the true stile and manner of thinking of the modern nobility of that blessed country: a nobility into which this favorite of fortune was so congenially incorporated, that he almost seemed to have been born in it. Thus he began, and proceeded,

“I see, sister, you have a mind to
“do a damned foolish thing. What

“ is it to you, or indeed what great mat-
“ ter is it at all, an author the less in the
“ world? There are but too many of
“ them already. They are a kind of
“ vermin that breed so fast they would
“ over-run us, if we were to encou-
“ rage them. Damn them, since they
“ make a trade of it, what is it to us
“ if they cannot live by it? Let them
“ look out for some other employ than
“ hackney scribbling to booksellers. Let
“ them take to cleaning shoes instead
“ of daubing paper. It would be as
“ profitable and full as honorable for
“ them. For my part, I think it is
“ an admirable scheme (to rid the land
“ of these noisome insects) to kill them
“ with the cold of our discountenance,

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“ and let them starve on those air-
“ bubbles of fame, of which they are
“ so fond. Besides, they are a parcel
“ of such sad extravagant rascals, there
“ would be no end of serving them.
“ In short, for I hate long harangues
“ upon nothing, and these poor devils
“ of authors are less than nothing, I
“ am for leaving Boissi to the com-
“ mon fate of his damned writing-
“ trade, if it were but for a warning and
“ good example to deter others.”

If any thing could have possibly have
added to that profound contempt, in
which LA POMPADOUR held her bro-
ther; this speech would have done it.

The Count de TREMAIN, however, who had not heard Boissi's distress, without suitable emotions of indignation, could not refrain the reply he thought due to that speech, so worthy of the genius who made it. And in which reply, there was nothing he cared for so little, as how it should be relished by his audience.

“ Surely (said he) my good Lord
“ Marquis of MARIGNY, the patro-
“ nage of learning and genius is a
“ birthright of nobility, and there-
“ fore, my Lord, worthy of the pro-
“ tection of one of your high rank.
“ If some authors have made a base

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“ pernicious use of their talents, the
“ shame and infamy is personal to
“ themselves, and not chargeable to
“ the spirit of literature. For my
“ own part, Marchioness, I know the
“ delicacy of your understanding too
“ well, to pay the least regard to this
“ learned speech of the Marquis.

“ Boissi's pieces on the theatre have
“ often given me so much pleasure,
“ that I conceive it a kind of ingra-
“ titude in me, not to have entered
“ enough into his circumstances, to
“ prevent his being reduced to extre-
“ mities, so reproachable to all who
“ knew him; I am heartily pleased,
“ however, that it is not yet too late

“for me to give him marks of my
“regret.”

As for LA POMPADOUR, she needed no stimulation to relieve him, beyond that of her own taste, and a desire of distinguishing herself in the character of patroness of literature. Not contented, however, with sending him instantly a hundred Louldores, she procured him a place then vacant, of no inconsiderable income; that of Comptroller of the *Mercure de France*; with a pension on it to his wife and child, in case of their survival.

It was not, however, without some personal pretensions of her own, that

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LA POMPADOUR had deserved the honour of thus relieving the distress of an author. She was herself an authoress, and had learnt to make verses under LA NOUË, a celebrated Comedian, to whom she had besides great obligations for his forming her to a true taste for the Beaux arts.—Nor can it be denied, that the lessons of that great Master of comic execution, have been of infinite service to her in the course of her transactions in life, in which she has, figuratively speaking, shewn herself a very great actress:—In point of poetry, her pieces have ever been esteemed superior to the performance of any of the Ladies about Court, excepting those of the Dutchess of OR-

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LEANS, which have for the most part taken the epigrammatic turn.—The reader may not perhaps be displeased at seeing a specimen of it, written before the important share she has lately taken in publick affairs, had thrown that starched prudishness into her words and actions, that now seems to sway them both.—The occasion of it was her happening to turn down the bed-cloaths one morning, whilst his majesty was lying asleep.—The lines themselves have a great deal both of poetry and vivacity ; the translation annexed to them, has taken some degree of liberty with one or two of the thoughts, but has endeavoured to preserve as much as possible, the general turn of humour

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of the whole.—Without more apology, however, you have them, such as they are, as follows.

O D E

Sur le Roi, par Madame de POMPADOUR.

QUEL voile importune nous couvre ?

Je veux un moment

Parcourir mon amant ;

Que de charmes je de'couvre !

Suspends son reveil

Puissant Dieu du Sommeil ;

Que la Nature liberale

T'a bien formé pour les plaisirs !

Quel souffle par ta bousbe exhale !

C'est l' haleine même des zephirs.

Quel vôle, &c.

Mais je vois déjà d'Aurore!

Cachons Tircis à sa clarté,

Crainte d'une infidélité

A L'Amant qu'elle adore.

Ne r'éveillez pas encore,

Reparez tes feux,

Cber objet de ones vœux,

Mais quel trait ! Que vois je eclorre ?

Hâtez sou reveil,

Puissant Dieu du Sommeil.

Quel vôle, &c.

What drowsy veil is this,

That shades me from my bliss,

And PHILLIS thus defrauds of her

Lover ?

Yet let me view his charms,

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E'er he wakes to love's alarms,
And his beauties with transport run
over.

Oh ! make his slumber deep,
Puissant God of sleep,
Whilst I trace out his bounties of Na-
ture :

In his breath the Zephyrs play,
On his cheeks the rose of May,
And Love's graces beam forth in each
feature.

But I see AURORA's light,
Let me hide him from her sight,
Lest her rays chase his slumbers be-
fore her ;

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And the rosy finger'd maid
Thus should rob me of the aid
He receives from dear nature's re-
storers.

O, DAMON, do not wake,
For thy PHILLIS's dear sake,
Till thy fires thou shalt amply re-
cover :

Ah ! what is't I see arise ?
What a sight enchants my eyes ?

Now, now, now then awake, dear-
est lover.

But to pursue the thread of our dis-
course—As to the present Dauphiness,
solely taken up with the care of fatten-
ing herself, and fulfilling the first great
end of marriage, she eats and drinks

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heartily, sleeps soundly, lies in regularly at every nine months end, and troubles her head very little about any thing that concerns the Marchioness.—Then for the Mesdames of France, gallantry and devotion pretty equally divide their hours, and it is well known that one of them, whom it would be needless to name, alternately invokes the holy Virgin, and the chaste LUCINA. A journey to Compiègne was put off, on account of her last delivery; nor was there, indeed, any great pains taken to conceal the real occasion of so doing.—It is true, that formerly the daughters of a King of France would have been put to great embarrassment by such a circumstance.—But in this less bash-

ful age, a certain spirit of philosophic nonchalance reigns in that Court, and causes these affairs to be considered only as little weaknesses for ever incident to human nature.—Madame de POMPADOUR, who places them entirely on this footing, finds means to cause her Majesty, who is excessively indulgent in her disposition, to look on them in the same light; and open satisfaction is expressed upon the happy augmentations of the Royal Family.—Nay so good an effect have these events, that they for some days form the amusements and conversation of the Courtiers, and prove a seasonable relaxation to their minds from the more weighty cares of publick news, which, to say truth, have for a

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long time past afforded them but little satisfaction.

Madame de POMPADOUR had indeed given the public some hopes of a fortunate alteration in affairs, by the choice she made last year of the Marquis de CONTADES for Generalissimo.— But vain were all their expectations:— that Officer having seemed hitherto to take his predecessor for a pattern, and to have trod exactly in his steps.— Like him he has lost a battle of importance, and like him, too, made a remarkable progress in a little time in retreat.— The following stanza on them both has been very frequently repeated, and openly sung.

L'Ecreviffe vous imitez,

Couple habile, incomparable;

Lentement vous avancez

Mais plus vite que la Diabie

Vous r culez,

Like the crab on a sand-bank these heroes of France,

This Couple so matchless, well-skilled, and compleat;

With prudence and caution snail-flow they advance,

But as swift as the devil they form their retreat.

Tol de rol, &c.

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Very few people are well acquainted with the means whereby Monsieur de CONTADES attained the command in chief:—for had merit and capacity alone been considered, there can be no doubt but Messieurs de BROGLIO, or D'ARMENTIER, how far soever inferior both may be to the Prince de Conti, must one or other of them have had the preference before the Marquis. But in this case respect was paid to Monsieur de CONTADES's seniority, or perhaps more truly to a certain happy mixture in his disposition of the enterprizing and docile.

At the the time the Count de CLERMONT was recalled, the Marquis imme-

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diately dispatched friends to the Court of Versailles, to endeavour at the conciliating the good graces of his Sovereign towards him, and at the same time charged them with letters for the Marchioness, wherein he expressed himself towards her in the most submissive and respectful terms.—They were very graciously received, and the following answer, which Madame de POMPADOUR returned him, was by no means made a secret.—“ I am extremely well satisfied, Monsieur le
“ Marquis, of your sentiments in regard to me, and you may depend
“ on every good office in my power:—
“ come this winter to Versailles; I
“ will insure you a favourable recep-

“tion from the King. — The com-
“mand of the army is destined to
“you for the ensuing campaign, and I
“flatter myself that your departure
“from hence for Germany shall be
“under the most happy auspices.”

No sooner had Monsieur de CON-
TADES received this letter, than he set
out post for Versailles to throw him-
self at the Marchioness's feet.—The
first question she asked him was,
“If he had seen the King?” he told
her he had not; yet was this seeming
piece of imprudence and inadvertency
of no kind of prejudice to his af-
fairs.—His Majesty received only Mon-
sieur de CONTADES second visit, nor

took it the least amiss, though he was well informed that he had first paid his respects to Madame de POMPADOUR.

This fifth General remained the whole winter at Court, concerting with his patroness and Monsieur de BELLE-ISLE the plan of a campaign, which was inevitably to bring about the thorough ruin of the Electorate of Hanover.—No expence, no pains were spared to provide him with a most powerful and flourishing army.—It was composed of an hundred and thirteen thousand of the best troops of France, and amply furnished with all kinds of stores and ammunition.—

What was not to be expected from such a preparation?—The General at his departure gave the public the strongest assurances, that he would speedily give them an occasion for illuminations at the Grève, and the ladies even intreated him to send them, by way of singularity, some of the Hanoverian head-dresses.

In short, after receiving, at every place of public entertainment, the most singular testimonials of popular approbation, Monsieur de CONTADES took his leave of the Marchioness, with a full determination to strip his Britannick Majesty of all his dominions on the continent.—Never were there seen the

arrival of such a number of couriers, whose dispatches were filled with—just nothing at all; a march of a couple of leagues was sufficient to occasion the sending one. How greatly different from the conduct of TURRENE and LUXEMBOURG, who never dispatched a messenger, but when he could bring with him the relation of some victory which they had gained.—The battle of Minden, however, put a stop to the frequency of these couriers, in which, instead of the Hanoverian caps which had been promised, about twenty thousand hats, cocked *a la mode de France*, were left upon the field.—The Marquis dared not, however, send an account of this unfortunate action immediately to the King;

he therefore thought proper to inform Madame de POMPADOUR first of it, in order that she might prepare his Majesty's temper to receive the disagreeable news with a greater degree of philosophy.—But the messenger he sent made such expedition, that the news of this recent disaster was published in the Gazettes before his arrival.—Adieu now to the famous flat-bottomed boats, which were to make a descent upon the English coast; this much talk'd of, though perhaps never thought on, invasion, was deferred to the next year.—

And to say truth, the English ministry had been all along alarmed, and taking the most needless precautions against a mere chimæra; for through-

out all the ports of France, there could not be mustered so much as thirty of these bug-bear-boats, which have made so great a noise in the world.—But both in Paris and London, it is sometimes necessary that such kind of chimeras should be set up, in order to amuse the minds of the populace; and moreover POLICY frequently attains her ends by means whose exterior appears extremely ridiculous to persons of understanding; but how dexterously soever the Marquis de CONTRADES endeavoured to color over his defeat, the consequences of it could not long be concealed from the publick.

In order, however, to avoid the ridicule which the making choice of a

sixth general must cast on the measures that had been pursued, the title of General was still preserved to Monsieur de CONTADES; but it was imagined, that the whole power would have been transferred into the hands of Monsieur D'ETREES; whilst Madame de POMPADOUR for once in her life had permitted necessity, the King's desire, and the universal cry of the people, to take place of her own private resentments. The extent of Monsieur D'ETREES abilities had not only been evinced by his expedition in the Hanoverian territories, but also by his conduct in many different campaigns, wherein he had greatly signalized himself.—Nor was the world ignorant of the high estimation in which they were held by the late Marechal SAXE, and

the warmth of approbation wherewith he spoke of him to the King. But when this General found the unfortunate situation of that army he was sent to take the command of, he chose rather to decline a post of so much honour and importance, than hazard a reputation it was scarcely possible he could increase, on the shattered remnants of another's misconduct.

Yet had he accepted the command, and Prince Ferdinand had had the good fortune to gain the same advantages over him that he has obtained over the rest, the reputation he would have acquired by so doing, would have been infinitely greater, and he would have had reason to be highly pleased at the having a man sent in opposition to him,

who had at least abilities to resist him, and consequently to stamp the signature of merit on the skill and prudence of his own conduct.

The French had therefore built very strong hopes, and placed the highest confidence on the Generalship of the Marechal D'ETREES:—how far their expectations would have been answered, the event would have shewn.—But should fortune have chanced to favour him more than his predecessors, it is probable that the poetical writers would scarcely have exerted themselves in the stile of panegyric towards him, with the same spirit wherewith they have lately indulged their disposition for sa-

ire, with respect to the Military Commanders, the Closet Caballists, and the Female Favorite. — Amongst others, the lines which follow, although they have been already published in many of the papers both here and abroad, yet have so immediate a relation to this history, that we can need no apology for the inserting them here. — The happy turn of humour, and the perfect consonance of rhyme and reason which runs through them, cannot but please in the original; and notwithstanding there have been various translations of them attempted, yet, as none of them have yet come up to the concise smartness of the Author, we hope we shall be excused for adding one more to

the number.—It is well known that the lines were written immediately after the defeat at Minden ; a stroke which, rendering the project of the flat-bottomed boats entirely abortive, the poet, as supposing them now become entirely useless, begins by setting them up to sale in the following words.

Batteaux plats a vendre

Soldats a louer ;

Ministres a pendre,

Generaux a rouer.

O France ! la sexe femelle

Fit toujours ton Destin !

Ton Bonheur vint d'une Pucelle,

Ton Malheur vint d'une Catin.

In English thus.

Here are flat-bottom'd boats to sell,
Here are red-coats hir'd to be ;
Here are Gen'als for the wheel,
And Statesmen for the tree.

O France ! by women thy fate
Was rul'd both now and of yore ;
A Virgin preserv'd thy state,
And now 'tis undone by a Whore.

There is not in this little piece
one unnecessary syllable ; and it bears un-
doubtedly the true impresson of the
poetical standard.—Every person aimed
at in it is treated with an admirable de-
gree of justice ; nor is it to be believed

but that the solemn gravity of Monsieur BERRYER must have been somewhat discomposed, the exalted self-sufficiency of Monsieur de BELLE ISLE greatly piqued, and the insolent pride of Madame de POMPADOUR very highly inflamed by it.—Woe to the unhappy Author, should he through any little vanity suffer the knowledge of him to transpire!—One flat-bottomed boat at least would in that case find employment, by his being chained to its oars, perhaps for the remainder of his life.

A parody was also composed of these lines, still more severe and injurious with respect to the Marchioness than the original, from which the hint is

taken:—as she is now advancing in years, and is become so extremely lean as to be scarcely more than a walking-skeleton; and as no one can be more universally detested than the Marquis de MARIGNY her brother, they were both more particularly distinguished in the parody, which runs as follows.

Poisson sec a vendre,

Carcasse a louer;

Ton frere est a pendre,

Tes membres a rouer.

Detestable femelle,

Quand finiras tu ton destin?

Tu devois bien mourir pucelle,

Execrable catin!

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Come, here's dry fish (a) to sell,

Here's a carcase hild to be ;

Thy limbs we consign to the wheel,

And thy brother we give to the

tree.

Ah ! when wilt thou finish thy fate ?

When pay off the dreadful score ?

Hadst thou died in thy maiden state

We had ne'er been undone by a

whore.

The idea these lines gives us is indeed painted in strong colors, yet we must own it borders too much on

(a) The wit of this line turns on a reference to the maiden name of Poisson, which signifies Fish.

the caricatura.—The Marchioness certainly is not quite what she is here represented:—her age is no more than thirty-eight; she is not altogether so dried and withered; and she still preserves a proper and most agreeable mixture of dignity and gracefulness in her demeanor. In short, such as she is at present, she has somewhat desirable enough about her to induce even a delicate appetite to taste without disgust.

As to her brother, indeed, nothing has been said of him but what he highly deserves, and what every worthy person wishes he might meet with. Nor is his brutal stupidity limited to himself

alone, it seems to have an epidemical power of infecting those about him.—At least it has had that effect on MAR-MONTEL, who, ever since his associating with this wretch, has degenerated from his wit, and seems to have bid adieu to all true spirit.—The works he now publishes bear not the least traces of that merit which shone forth in his former ones.—He is grown in himself impolite, boorish, and sottish like his patron; and the *Mercure de France*, which the Marquis de MARIGNY procured him, and which during the time of Boissy was a work of some merit, and in considerable estimation; now favours strongly of the disposition of its present Author; being full of the most

apparent partiality, a receptacle for the most malicious animosities, and a kind of critical pillory in which he thinks fit to place every one he happens to dislike, and pelt them with the dirtiest and most scandalous abuse.—And this is the method he makes use of to obtain the honor of pleasing the illustrious Marquis de VANDIERE, who has indeed no relish for any thing but what gratifies his spleen, and finds food for his malevolence.

But alas! how unhappy for the world that it must give up the delightful hopes of seeing a numerous offspring of the noble family of POISSON.—Not all the various herbs MEDEA's kettle was sup-

plied with, when she exerted all her utmost skill to call again to youth her good man ÆSON, would be sufficient to restore the long lost vigor of the Marquis de MARIGNY.—It has been a long established maxim in the Machiavelian politics of amorous encounters, that fools are most eminently qualified for them, Nature having recompensed the deficiencies of their head by superabundant advantages elsewhere.—The Marquis has been said amply to possess that kind of endowment; but now it is over, and the hero, according to the words of PETRONIUS, *funeratus est illâ corporis parte quâ quondam ACHILLES erat*. Thus situated, should he marry, what assurance can he have that

his wife would prove a LUCRETIA, that she may not, by unlawful love, pollute the noble bed of Poisson, contaminate the purity of that illustrious blood, and stain the yet un sullied glory of all its great descendants.—It will surely be more prudent in him to persist in a steady resolution not to marry, than to expose himself to danger so apparent and inevitable.—It is true, his glorious race will end with him.—But that of the FABII, the SCIPIOS, and the POMPEYS have now been long extinct.—Let that console him.—Nothing can stand the all destroying tooth of time.—In course of years, bright beauty fades away, the greatest names are lost, even titles and inscriptions

graven on brass or marble are effaced; nor is the world itself supposed eternal.

As we are on the subject of titles and inscriptions, it will not be improper to relate an anecdote relating to the Marchioness, which gives a pretty lively proof of the freedom with which she is not only thought of, but mentioned, by men of wit or spirit.

A certain Author being on the point of publishing a work which he had conceived a design of dedicating to Madame de POMPADOUR, asked the opinion of his friend Monsieur de * * * * in a publick Coffee-room, in regard to what titles he ought to address her by.

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at the head of his dedication;—His friend, who is equally remarkable for a sarcastical turn of humour, and for expressing his thoughts on every occasion with the utmost freedom, immediately replied aloud, why, begin thus.

To Madame the Marchioness de POMPADOUR, Lady of Honour to the Queen, Dutcheſs of VAUJOUR, Miſtreſs of LOUIS the Fifteenth, Superintendant of his pleaſures, Gouvernante-general of the kingdoms of France and Navarre, heretofore the noble wife of an Excifeman, and daughter to the moſt high, noble, and puiſſant Meſſire POISSON, Butcher to the Hoſpital of Invalids, &c. &c. &c.

Every one present trembled for him, on his repeating these sacrilegious expressions so publicly ; whilst he, unmoved for himself, was not satisfied with what he had already done, but even pointed out the plan of three or four different dedicatory epistles, which he sent the next day in writing to his friend the Author ;—nor did he even stop here ; for pleased, himself, with the turn of humor he thought they possessed, he read copies of them to several different persons. —How great a piece of hardiness !—But PROVIDENCE seems to take the rash under her protection (*b*), for he never came to any

(*b*) This gentleman resided some time in Russia, and whilst he was at Petersburg spoke as freely

harm by this affair, although he had some years ago been sent to the Bastile, on a much more trifling occasion.

As I do not however imagine that the power of a French government will be so soon established in England, as that nation seem vainly to flatter themselves, I cannot, I think, run any

of the Czarina, as he did on this occasion of Madame de POMPADOUR.—He received a caution to be more discreet ; but not thinking proper to correct his first error, and persisting in the continuance of it, he was condemned to the knoute, and also to banishment into Siberia, both which however he had the good fortune to escape by a sudden flight.

great risk by gratifying the reader's curiosity with a transcript of these dedications, such as they came to my hands.—

They contain some turns of true wit, intermixed with certain strokes of irony, which those who have read the former parts of this Lady's history, will be at no loss to understand. — The first of them runs thus.

“ Madam,

“ To a person adorned like you
“ with every beauty of the person,
“ every charm of the understanding,
“ and every virtue of the soul, a long
“ extended line of ancestry is absolutely
“ unnecessary to stamp a value, or re-
“ flect a lustre. — Yours therefore E

“ shall say nothing of, lost, as they are
“ in the dark obscurity of time, going
“ no farther back than to the illustri-
“ ous MATHURIN POISSON your fa-
“ ther, so justly, and so particularly
“ distinguished. In point of chastity,
“ not JOSEPH himself could exceed
“ him; and for humanity, if he was
“ sometimes brought to the cruel ne-
“ cessity of shedding blood, it was not
“ after the example of the barbarously
“ celebrated Heroes both of ancient
“ and modern history, for the destruc-
“ tion, but, on the contrary, entirely
“ for the preservation of the human
“ race.—The Parliament, affected with
“ his actions, and fully sensible of his
“ *high desert*, commanded him to be

“diligently sought for, in order to raise
 “him *above* the rest of mankind:—
 “but he, very little emulous of see-
 “ing his fellow-subjects *beneath* his
 “feet, or of becoming an object of
 “popular admiration, a gazing-stock
 “to the multitude, chose to rid him-
 “self of the *painful sensations* attend-
 “ing on *such distinctions*, by a secret
 “retirement; preferring the calm tran-
 “quillity of a voluntary exile, before all
 “the noisy applause belonging to *pub-*
 “*lic exaltation*.—Fourteen months had
 “he been thus absent, when your mo-
 “ther, the PENELOPE of the age she
 “lived in, was miraculously delivered
 “of you. By a strict adherence to her
 “discreet precepts, and the closest imi-

“ tation of her most edifying exam-
“ ple, you preserved most inviolably
“ your conjugal duty, holding every
“ degree of coquetry in the utmost
“ detestation.—As some small recom-
“ pence for such surpassing virtues,
“ Providence has placed you in a Mo-
“ narch’s bed ; and to reward him for
“ being the instrument of this piece of
“ justice, ever since he has had the hap-
“ piness of possessing you, and the
“ wisdom to confide the conduct of
“ affairs to your administration, Hea-
“ ven has blessed his armies, his fleets
“ have been victorious, his colonies
“ have increased, and opulence and
“ prosperity have reigned throughout
“ all his territories : the whole nation

“ ecchoes with your praise, and every
“ individual, from the overflowings of
“ a grateful sensibility, cries out, Hap-
“ py the kingdom which is governed
“ with so great a share of wisdom !”

“ If this stile should not be agreeable
“ to you,” adds the above-named Gen-
tleman, “ you may, if you please, al-
“ though I think it much too trifling
“ a manner for this age, address her
“ thus :

“ Permit me to intreat you, Ma-
“ dam, to accept of my most respect-
“ ful homage, and to favor with your
“ patronage the result of a five years
“ labor.—I have endeavoured by every

“ means in my power to render it wor-
“ thy of your acceptance, and shall
“ esteem myself inexpressibly happy if
“ I may have in any degree succeeded.
“ From a conscious diffidence of myself
“ and terror from the justice and perspi-
“ cuity of your understanding, I remain-
“ ed some time in suspense whether I
“ should presume to offer it to you or
“ not : at length, however, your known
“ benevolence has encouraged me to
“ adventure , and on your kind indul-
“ gence I rely, not only for pardon,
“ but for a belief of my assurance,
“ that I am,

Madam,

With the most profound respect, &c.

“ For my own part,” “ continues
the writer, “ if I had composed a work
“ which I thought proper to dedicate
“ to the Marchioness, I should certain-
“ ly form my Epistle-dedicatory in the
“ following manner.

“ To acquire a rank of eminence
“ and distinction in any profession
“ whatsoever, undoubtedly is one stamp
“ of a superior merit.—This stamp,
“ Madam, you most strongly bear :
“ —You are, Madam, in your kind, ex-
“ actly what the King of Prussia is in
“ his :—he is the very first among the
“ Heroes of the age ; you are, beyond
“ contradiction, the very first amongst
“ its Harlots : nay, even from the cre-

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“ation of the world, no one has ever
“yet been found your equal.—The
“celebrated PHRYNE of antiquity re-
“ceived to her embraces only the Citi-
“zens of Athens; and all the riches
“she acquired could do no more than
“raise the walls of Thebes: but the
“innumerable heap of your possessions
“might buy a territory larger than the
“whole extent of ancient Greece, whilst
“you can boast the enfolding in your
“arms those who wield the sceptre and
“wear the regal purple.—Nothing
“is wanting to compleat your splen-
“dor, but the mere empty title of a
“Queen; nor will even that, if FOR-
“TUNE stands your friend as she has
“hitherto done, be long deficient.—In

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“ power you are already more than
“ King.—Those things which in the
“ most exalted state of Rome were
“ done by the joint concurrence of
“ the Senate and people, you with
“ your single voice alone determine.—
“ Without consulting any one, you
“ name, at pleasure, Governors of
“ Provinces, Generals of Armies, Ad-
“ mirals of Fleets and Ministers of
“ State.—You give Cardinals to the
“ church, and Presidents to the gown :
“ decide the fate of Kingdoms as to
“ peace or war, and make or break
“ alliances with Crowns and Poten-
“ tates.

“ In the age of CHARLEMAGNE, you
“ would have been supposed possessed
“ of spells or talismans, and some
“ weak-minded Prelate would have ex-
“ erted all the jargon of exorcism to
“ drive the evil spirit out of you.—It is
“ not above two hundred years ago,
“ since you would have run some risk
“ of being tried by water; nay, not
“ impossible but that you had been
“ burnt for being a witch: but hap-
“ pily for you, our days are more
“ inlightened, and no one will attribute
“ to magic, or to a compact with the
“ devil, the powers which you possess.

“ Young, lively, beautiful and wit-
“ ty as you were, there is not any

“thing unnatural in your having had
 “the skill to gain, and overrule the
 “heart and will of such a prince as
 “Louis.—His grandfather, indeed,
 “would, at his age, have been con-
 “tented to have enjoyed your person,
 “have made some entertainments to
 “amuse you, and settled on you a
 “pension proper for you.—The Tu-
 “RENNES, LUXEMBOURGS and CON-
 “DE’s would not have been dismissed
 “to please your fancy, and spite of
 “your resentments, the COLBERTS,
 “LOUVOIS, and LAMOIGNONS, would
 “have maintained their posts.

“It must then be confessed you
 “came into the world in the most

“ lucky moment for yourself, and
“ your ambition must be most un-
“ bounded, if it remains unsatisfied.—
“ What have you more to wish for,
“ in point of honours, riches or au-
“ thority?—The King is in your
“ arms, his Courtiers at your knees,
“ the Gownmen at your feet, and all
“ the Ecclesiastics sending up their
“ prayers to you.—The Academies
“ look on and honor you as their pro-
“ tectress, and almost every Author
“ dedicates his works to you, perfuming
“ you with the sweet incense of his
“ commendation.—They have exhaust-
“ ed all the common place of flattery
“ to do you honor.—By turns you
“ have been compared to JUNO, VE-

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“ NUS and MINERVA, to all the Graces,
“ and to every Muse ;—you must be
“ surely tired of so much praise.—
“ It is true, that panegyric wearies
“ more slowly than any other topic ;—
“ yet it will cloy at last : especially
“ when driven to such excess.—You
“ cannot, Madam, sure be so intoxi-
“ cated with the idea of self-sufficient
“ merit, as to believe that you deserve
“ them literally ;—but if you are so
“ weak, it will but be an act of friend-
“ ship in me to undeceive you a little
“ by this epistle.—No one as yet has
“ dared to offer you a faithful Mir-
“ ror.—Open your eyes then now,
“ and know your own resemblance in

2

“ that which I am about to set be-
“ fore you.

“ When you was formerly the little
“ POISSON, you was a lively, lovely,
“ genteel little body, and from the
“ top to the toe, one might have truly
“ said of you, what SOLOMON says of
“ his beloved, there was no blemish in
“ thee.—Your pretty person caught
“ the eye and and enslaved the heart
“ of the poor, scraggy, red-hair’d
“ D’ESTIOLLES.—He married you :—
“ you left him for the King ; and
“ shew me any woman who would not
“ willingly have done the same.—
“ Those charms which first entrapped

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“ the Monarch’s senses, are now all va-
“ nished, yet is he not the less ena-
“ moured of your person.—That
“ which your personal beauty first ob-
“ tained, your wit and your address
“ have still preserved.—No man was
“ ever so subjected to a woman, for
“ which no doubt the world esteems
“ him highly.—To you he trusts the
“ reins of government, and you dis-
“ pose of all things at your pleasure.—
“ To your caprice is owing the wretch-
“ ed fate of France and the unhappy
“ state of many other nations.—You
“ are consequently and with great jus-
“ tice universally detested, and our

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“ enemies alone with that you may
“ live.

“ I am, Madam,

“ With all the respect and ef-
“ teem that is your due, &c. &c.

Here will we stop and conclude this
third part of the history of Madame
de Pompadour, but as we are in hourly
expectation of fresh anecdotes and me-
moirs relating to her life from Paris
and Versailles, the public may depend
on having its curiosity gratified as far
as lies in our power as soon as ever they
shall arrive.

END of the THIRD PART.



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